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# The SILENT WORKER

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October 1925

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*The Artist*

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# The Silent Worker

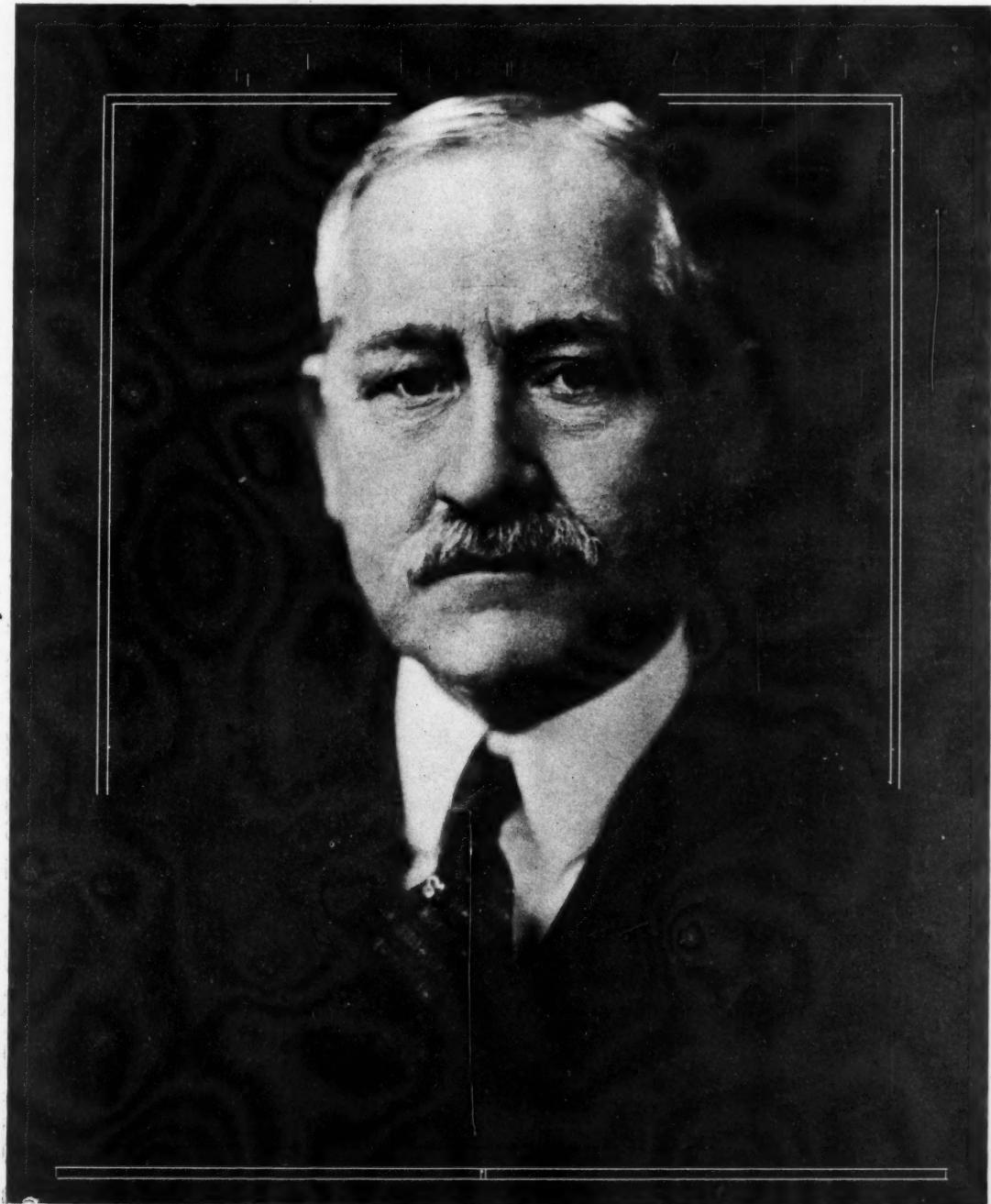
*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

Volume 38, No. 1

Trenton, N. J., October, 1925

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## Deaf Persons of Note



COLONEL GEORGE M. McCLURE, M.A.  
*Teacher, Editor, Writer*

# California's Rising Young Artist

By J. W. HOWSON

**L**T HAS been said that it is through art that the mind and soul of the deaf may be most fittingly expressed. Certain it is that of all the professions, it has been by means of certain branches of art, painting and sculpture and latterly architecture, that the deaf have been most successful. There is even the exceptional case of Beethoven, who continued to compose musical masterpieces after deafness had overtaken him in adult life.

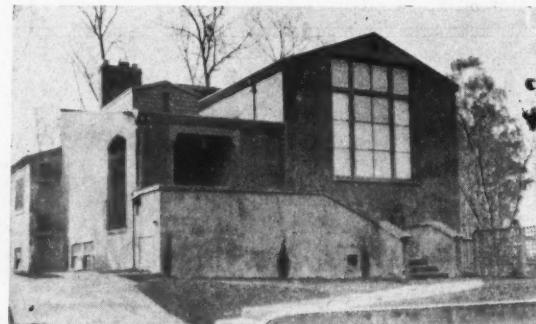
The reason for success in these particular branches of art is not far to seek. They call for certain powers of observation and memory which may be most easily cultivated by the deaf. The distractions which diversify the life of a hearing person are lacking in the case of the deaf. There is greater cultivation of the powers requisite and greater concentration toward the end to be attained.

Then, too, in these particular fields in the realm of art, painting and sculpture, one can proceed with less contact with one's fellow beings, than is usually the case in other professions. The lawyer, the doctor, and even the writer, are constantly rubbing shoulders with their fellow men, for it is the nature of their work, the material upon which they labor. But as for the painter, especially the landscape painter, he communes with nature. Nature is his silent partner, ever beckoning companionship. So what could be a better comrade than nature to the deaf painter, even as the fertile soil is a profitable partner to the industrious and efficient deaf farmer.

Out where the west begins, draw that imaginary line where you may, there has been produced quite a number of successful deaf artists. California, with Tilden the sculptor and Redmond the artist, men of national reputation, undoubtedly leads all the rest. Redmond the painter of landscapes is fast approaching the mellow



William Frisbee Lewis, the artist and his wife, who was Miss Beatrice Latta of Sacramento, a pair of newly weds.



Studio home of Mr. Lewis. The photo does not do justice to this extremely well built and well arranged house. The large window admits an enormous north light to the studio room.



The approach to the home is over flagstones up winding stairs

years of life. But his place will not be left vacant, for it will be filled by another portrayer of western scenes, the young and rising artist, Phillips Frisbee Lewis.

Phillips Lewis is a native son of California. He was born in Oakland, August 26, 1892. He was educated at the oral school for the deaf in Oakland and thereby hangs a tale, for Mr. Lewis' father, left a widower by the death of Mr. Lewis' mother, couldn't do anything better than to marry his son's teacher, Miss Charlotte Louise Morgan.

Phillips Lewis is a grandson of the late capitalist, John W. Phillips, and has had all the advantages which wealth extending down through several generations could bring. He began his art studies at the California School of Arts and Crafts, and was graduated in 1916. Following this he studied landscape painting for several years under the guidance of Armin C. Hansen. For six years, up to 1921, he had a studio home in Monterey, by the shores of the Pacific and mecca for artists.

With Myron A. Oliver, Monterey artist, Mr. Lewis them fast. The women strolling about in their queer demie de la Grande Chambre for a short period and then went to Brittany. Here Mr. Lewis and Mr. Oliver spent three months sketching and painting. Much of their time was spent in Quimper, Brittany, where the habits and customs of the peasant folk held them fast. The women strolling about in their queer white caps and washing on stones by the river were all ever interesting sight.

The state of Mr. Lewis' health cut short his stay in Europe. For the purpose of recuperating his health, Mr. Lewis made an extended trip to Honolulu and



*The studio room of the Lewis' home is artistically and expensively furnished*

studio home in a charmingly selected location in Oakland, on Broadway Terrace, near the Country Club and near the new location of the California School of Arts and Crafts, and yet just a few minutes from the



*The fireplace is in the studio room. Works of Mr. Lewis everywhere adorn the walls.*

heart of the city. This house built on one of Oakland's numerous hills, is ideally arranged for studio purposes.

The approach to the house is over flagstones across the lawn and up broad and winding stairs. The studio, with its enormous north light, is artistically and expensively arranged. Built in cabinets conceal canvas and paint, and lighting effects are arranged to avoid shadows. The practical arrangement of the house, its electrical and heating equipment, et cetera, might well excite the envy of the average artist. Everywhere are evidences of Mr. Lewis' landscapes, interspersed here and



*The room, once called the Hall of Fame, but since his marriage, used by Mr. Lewis as a dining room; contains upon its wall works of famous artists. The room is lighted by lights above the ceiling*



*'An Old Adobe'. Monterey. Painting by Phillips Lewis showing the type of structure prevalent in California before the gring came*



*Of this picture 'The End of Day', it has been said: 'It will be especially pleasing to those who have visited Monterey and seen this particular effect'.*



*The Hill and the Valley; Carmel. One must see the Lewis' paintings in colors to appreciate them fully.*

there with works of other artists of international fame.

Mr. Lewis' paintings have been exhibited in Honolulu, through the Print Rooms, in Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, and other cities. He held a one man show in Palo Alto, home of Standard University, and expects to hold a similar show before long in San Francisco. Of the Palo Alto show, James Swinnerton, the artist, says:

"The work of Mr. Phillip Frisbie Lewis is on show at the Palo Alto Library gallery. There are a variety of subjects, also of landscape moods.

"The exhibition is quite interesting in the matter of showing the student's start abroad and his later use of the art knowledge obtained there in our local painting grounds. Mr. Lewis has beyond a doubt caught the California coast "feel." The pictures reflect the sun of our coast and have in them the clouds and breezes of the hills.

"Mr. Lewis' studies from abroad, as I've said before, show the student in the making. His work on our coast shows vast improvement. Our California hills are a very beautiful part of our landscape, and I think I speak for others as well as myself when I say I would be pleased indeed to see more of Mr. Lewis' interpretations of them. To every artist there is given some subject which he can do better than other things and judging by the exhibition I think Mr. Lewis surpasses in this particular field—the California coast hills.

"I would like to see how this artist would treat the northern coast, where the hills and promontories go down to meet the ocean—say at Fort Ross—and perhaps at twilight when the color masses itself in defense against the night shadow.

"This exhibition should be of interest to everyone who loves the beautiful."

Mr. Lewis was married to Beatrice E. Latta, of Sacramento, on May 9, 1925. The new Mrs. Lewis is an extremely bright product of the day schools of California and like her husband is a graduate of the California School of Arts and Crafts. For several years

*Old Orchard. Mr. Lewis's pictures mainly portray landscape scenes of California*



past she has been teaching in the state schools for the deaf at Olathe, Kansas, and Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She is expert at lip reading and through her connection with the state schools has picked up a fair command of signs. Her husband speaks and reads the lips well for one born deaf and for the most part they converse together orally. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have gotten the most out of life that their oral training can bring



*'After Rain'. Lewis' pictures reflect the sun of our coast and have in them the clouds and breezes of our hills.*

to them. There is still that other side which we of the deaf, who, having lived life fully in all of the phases in which it is possible to live it, know is so essential to the fullness of our existence and the completeness of our happiness, and here's hop'n', as seems likely, that Mr. Lewis, the artist, and Mrs. Lewis, the teacher, also come to enjoy it.

#### DOUGLAS TILDEN

In sculpture, Douglas Tilden stands alone as the greatest deaf sculptor that America has ever produced. It is true that there have been and do now exist other deaf sculptors, but none have ever approached the pinnacle of success that has marked the career of Tilden.

During the World-War there was no demand for Art, so Tilden, desiring to do his bit and escape the epithet of being a slacker, donned overalls and went to work in a machine shop. After the war was over and peace declared he was called to Hollywood to design and superintend the construction of animals for the photo-play "Birth of a Nation," which he succeeded in doing after others had failed in the attempt.

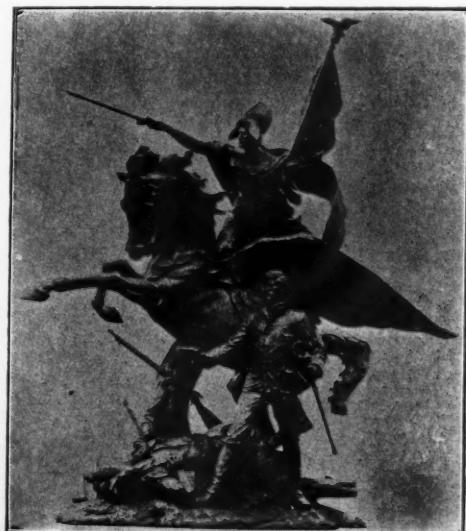
Douglas Tilden's career began about forty years ago, while as a private pupil of Paul Choppin in Paris his first statuette entitled "A Tired Wrestler" appeared. Upon his return to America he established himself by starting a studio at his residence in Oakland, California. Here the genius of Tilden asserted itself, for then followed in quick succession other works, such as "The Baseball Player," "The Tired Boxer," "The Bear Hunt," "The Football Players," "Monumental Fountain," commemorative of the admission of California as a State, dedicated to the Native Sons and presented to the city by its public spirited mayor, James D. Phelan. The next in importance was "Admission Day Fountain," presented to the city in 1897 by the same young mayor. The "Memorial Monument," which stands facing the Court House grounds in San Francisco, dedicated to the memory of Stephen M. White and another in honor of Rev. Father



*Douglas Tilden, the famous deaf-mute Sculptor of California*

Serra, founder of the Franciscan Order in California and the Donahue Memorial Fountain are also creations of the genius of Tilden.

Beside being a master of the plastic art, Mr. Tilden has a wonderful mastery of the English language and has by its use expressed his ideas and opinions forcefully and in a manner that would belie that he is a deaf-mute.



*"The California Volunteers" Monument, by Douglas Tilden*

# Minkowski---Polish Painter

By KELLY H. STEVENS



DEAF PAINTER who has seen more than his share of the suffering brought about by the World-War, whose brush is almost literally dipped in the blood and tears of his people, is Maurice Minkowski, a Polish Jew now living in Paris.

This talented artist was born in Warsaw and studied

the Germans ravaged Poland in the early years of the World-War, Minkowski was much moved by the sufferings of his countrymen, driven from their peaceful homes, despoiled of their possessions and forced to flee before the invading armies. The tragedy of the pogrom victims, of the orphaned and newly-poor Jewish wanderers was painted by him forcefully and feelingly. After seeing the



MAURICE MINKOWSKI

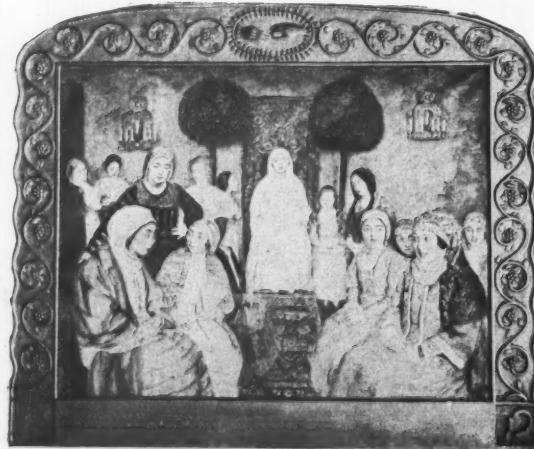


MRS. MAURICE MINKOWSKI

at the Academy of Fine Arts in Cracow where his first works drew instant attention. Those were in the pa'my days long before the war clouds hovered upon the horizon. Minkowski soon attained note through his portrayals of Jewish life. Scenes in the ghettos of Poland, synagogue interiors, pictures of Jewish family life, all come from his clever brush. Then came the War, and Minkowski found his true subject which was destined to make him famous in his paintings of refugees.

Minkowski uses quiet dark colors admirably suited to the pathetic subjects he is fond of portraying. When

pictures of this period, one can never forget the eyes of the women and children depicted in them. Despair, helplessness, unutterable sorrow look forth from these dark eyes, which arouse your sympathy and bring tears to your own eyes. Minkowski tells the story of the refugees so simply and effectively. They are painted with a sincerity of statement and feeling. Minkowski never deliberately tries to portray pathos in his painting. He is not theatrical in his effects and does not exaggerate the facts. But nevertheless, his own strong feeling unconsciously imparts to his refugee pictures a deep feeling of pathos. His sorrowful figures are invested with



"The Bride," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski



"A Family Group," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski



"In the Synagogue," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski

a stolid calm and a resignation to fate which produces in the beholder a greater effect than a passionate presentation would bring about.

In the days during and immediately after the War Minkowski was in dire need. But it is said that as soon as he sold one of his paintings he would distribute the money among those who were in even greater distress. Happier days seem now to have arrived for this Polish painter of sorrow. Early in 1924, he moved to Paris where his works attracted instant attention and approval.

As a supplementary handicraft, Minkowski delights to



"A Beauty of the Ghetto," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski

design, carve, and gild the frames for his pictures. Each frame is especially designed to suit the character of the picture it is intended to enhance. For example, note in the frame of the painting "The Bride" the symbols of the hands and the ring and the fruitful vine, in the frame of the picture of the old Talmudic Scholar the lion, symbolic of wisdom, surrounded by books. Everywhere in Minkowski's frames one finds other allegorical symbols from the Old Testament, like the deer, the bull, the grapevine, the Hanukah lamp, and others.



"Talmudic Scholar," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski



"Meditation," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski



*"Homeless and Friendless," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski*

One afternoon in the summer of 1924, I found Minkowski at work in his studio high up in an apartment building in Paris. All about him were his pictures. Presently Rachel Minkowski appeared to join her husband in his welcome. We passed a pleasant afternoon discussing the paintings, using signs throughout as Minkowski knows little French and I know no Polish. Minkowski

was very hopeful for the outcome of his exhibit which was going to be held in one of the Paris galleries a little latter. From reports I gathered that it received very favorable mention from the critics and drew a great deal of attention in Paris art circles. In January of this year Minkowski again exhibited at the National Exhibit of Deaf Artists held in the French Capital.



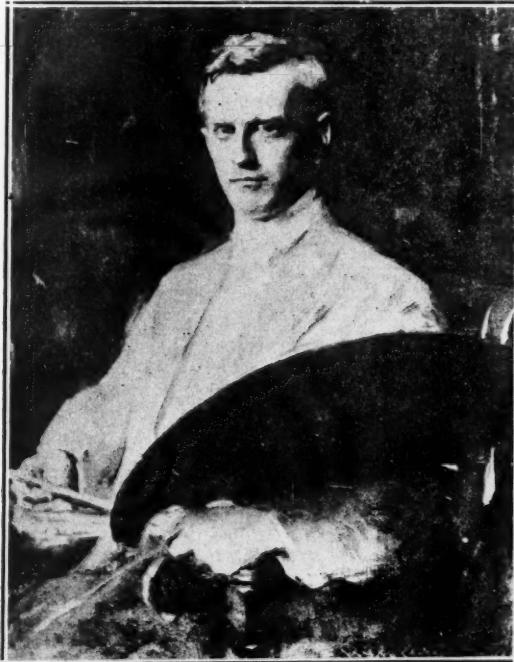
*"Refugees," from a painting by Maurice Minkowski*



*Copies from  
two early etch-  
ings  
by  
Cadwalader  
Washburn*



## Cadwalader Lincoln Washburn



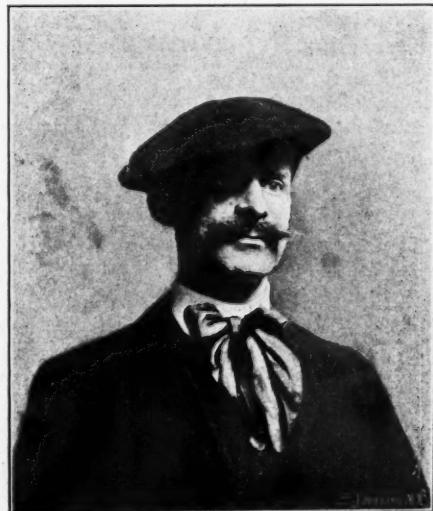
*Cadwalader Lincoln Washburn, portrait  
by William M. Chase*

Cadwalader Lincoln Washburn, next to Humphrey Moore, is America's best known deaf artist. He is the scion of an old and well known family and a wealthy man to boot. Since his early childhood he has been an indefatigable traveller. He has been everywhere, all over Europe a score of times, to the Orient across the Himalays and down into the heart of Africa. His latest travels

took him into Mexico where he spent several months making sketches and the past winter found him in California.

Mr. Washburn's early training was received in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later he became a pupil of William M. Chase in New York, after which he went to Spain to study under Joaquin Sorollo; then to France to become a pupil of Besnard. Every year extending from 1896 to 1904 he had exhibitions in a long series of brilliant Paris salons.

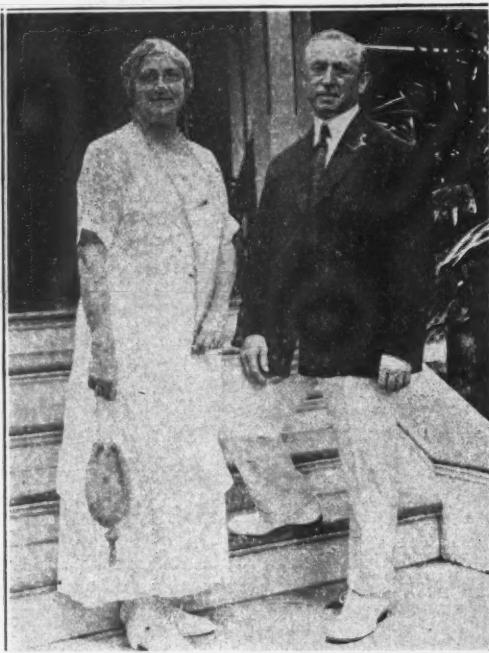
Mr. Washburn is probably best known by his etchings which are declared by experts to be second only to Whistler.



*Jacques Alexander, President of the Deaf-Mute  
Artists Club of America*

## Charles J. LeClercq

Charles J. LeClercq is well known in this country as a finisher of half-tone engravings, mostly for three and four-color printing plates. A finisher is an artist, therefore Mr. LeClercq is an artist who is much sought



CHARLES J. LECLERCQ AND WIFE

after by big engraving firms. Starting in New York many years ago as a lithograph artist he studied photo-engraving from the ground up and was finally promoted as a finisher. When he went to San Francisco several years ago he soon became known as the best artist in his line on the Pacific coast. A year ago he went to Hawaii to work for a large firm in Honolulu, but has since returned to San Francisco because of the intense heat of the Hawaiian Islands.

## Hippolite Montillie

In 1901, THE SILENT WORKER published an account of Hippolite Montillie by Charles J. L. Clercq. Mr. Montillie was at this time attracting attention of our American deaf by being employed by Karl Bilter, the sculptor, Decorator General of the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo.

Hippolite Montillie was born in Moulins, France. After graduating from the Pereire School for the Deaf in Paris, he decided to make Paris his home and to him the city owes several works. Most important are the decorative figures on the Pont Des Alexander (Alexander Bridge) and the bronze statue, L'Honneur dominant la Discorde," on the corner of Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. He studied under Millet, Thomas, Ch. Gauthier, Moreau-Vauthier, Bartholdi, H. Lefebvre, Hannaux and G. Recipon. Through the last named Mr. Montillie was awarded a medal and diploma, entitling him to the "Legion of Honor."

Mr. Montillie exhibited in the Salon for several years and has sixteen prizes and diplomas. Since his arrival in New York and his connection with his plastic work in the Bilter Studios little has been heard of him.

## Valentin and Ramon de Zubiaurre

BY KELLY H. STEVENS



CRITICAL survey of modern art in Europe would not be complete without taking into consideration the two deaf Spanish brothers, Valentin and Ramon de Zubiaurre, who, tho still young men, rank among the foremost painters of Europe.

Born among luxurious and stately surroundings, their father being court musician to the King of Spain, it would seem that their natural talent would lie in music, and their natural environment be the pomp of the Spanish Court. Fate, however, gave them compensation for



VALENTIN AND RAMON DE ZUBIAURRE

their affliction of deafness. They were born highly gifted with artistic talent, which is akin to musical talent, and in their case is probably musical ability transmuted into art. The obstacle of deafness, if it is really an obstacle, has been so far overcome or disregarded in their case that they now rank, next to the wonderful Zuloaga, as the leading painters of Spain. Inferior to him only in technical ability, they certainly have no superior in their portrayal of the spirit of Spanish life.

Both brothers were for a time the pupils of Zuloaga, and both show his influence to a marked extent. They spent years of study in Paris, yet there is nothing French about their work. It is essentially and strongly Span-



*"The Village Fathers"—Segovia, after a painting by Valentin de Zubiaurre*

ish, intensely modern, free from the fetters of academic rules, and in the last analysis the truest art.

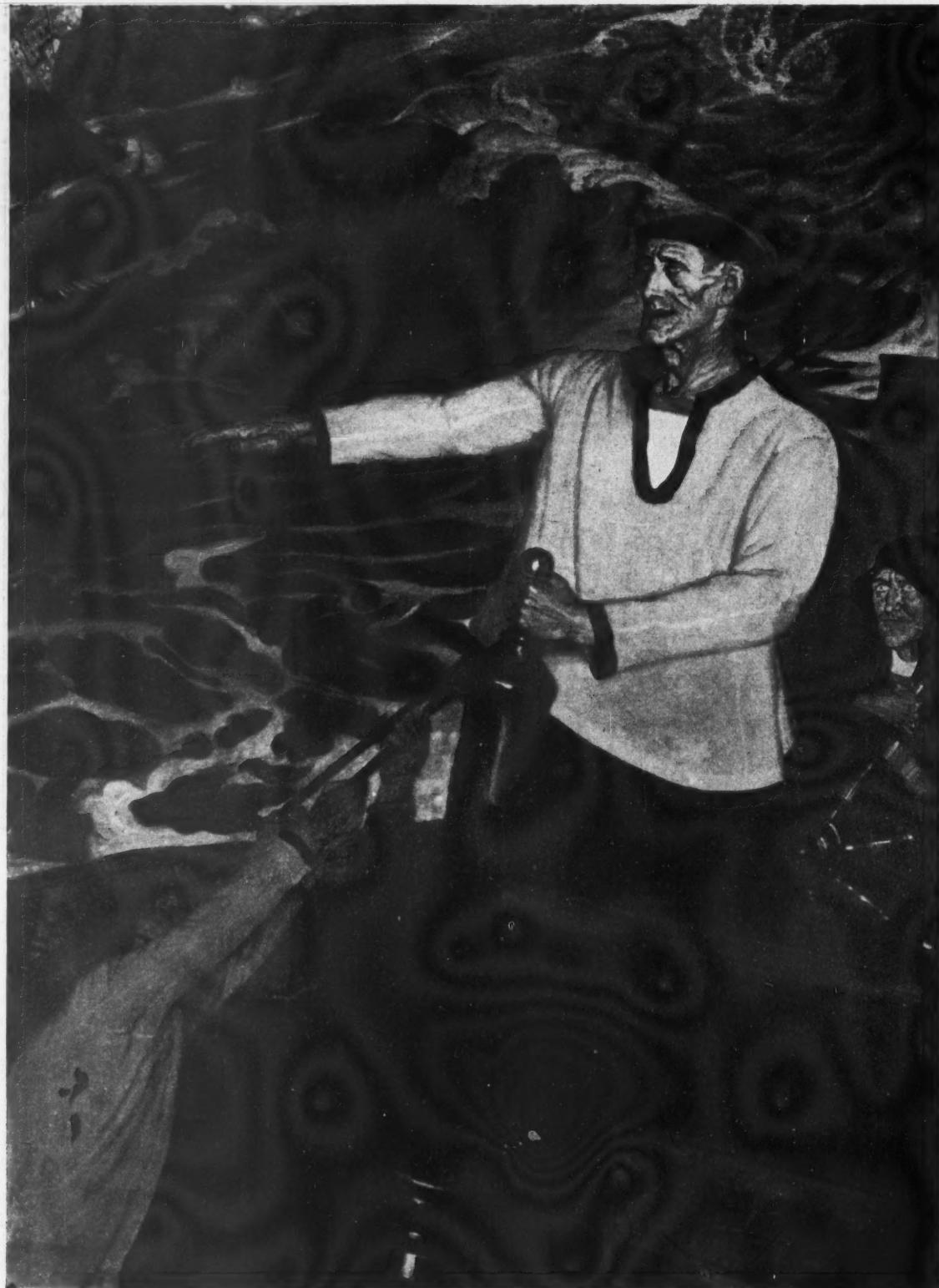
In the Luxembourg Gallery, which contains the cream of modern art from both Europe and America, Valentin and Ramon de Zubiaurre are well represented, their pictures having been purchased by the French Government to adorn this gallery. Their paintings hang in galleries all over Spain, and various galleries in other countries possess specimens of their work. In America they have just begun to be known, following their recent exhibitions in New York.

In January, 1924, the first exhibition in America by the Zubiaurres was held at the Dudensing Galleries in New York. New York, always searching for something new, received the exhibit very favorably. The exhibition rooms at Dudensing's were thronged with wondering, speculating, admiring groups for two weeks, and all the New York papers published favorable comment. In May of this year the Dudensing Galleries presented another collection of paintings by the same artists. In the International Exposition of Fine Arts to be held in New York this autumn both Valentin and Ramon will be represented by several pictures. It is clear that these brilliant young men have not yet reached the pinnacle of their fame in America, but year by year

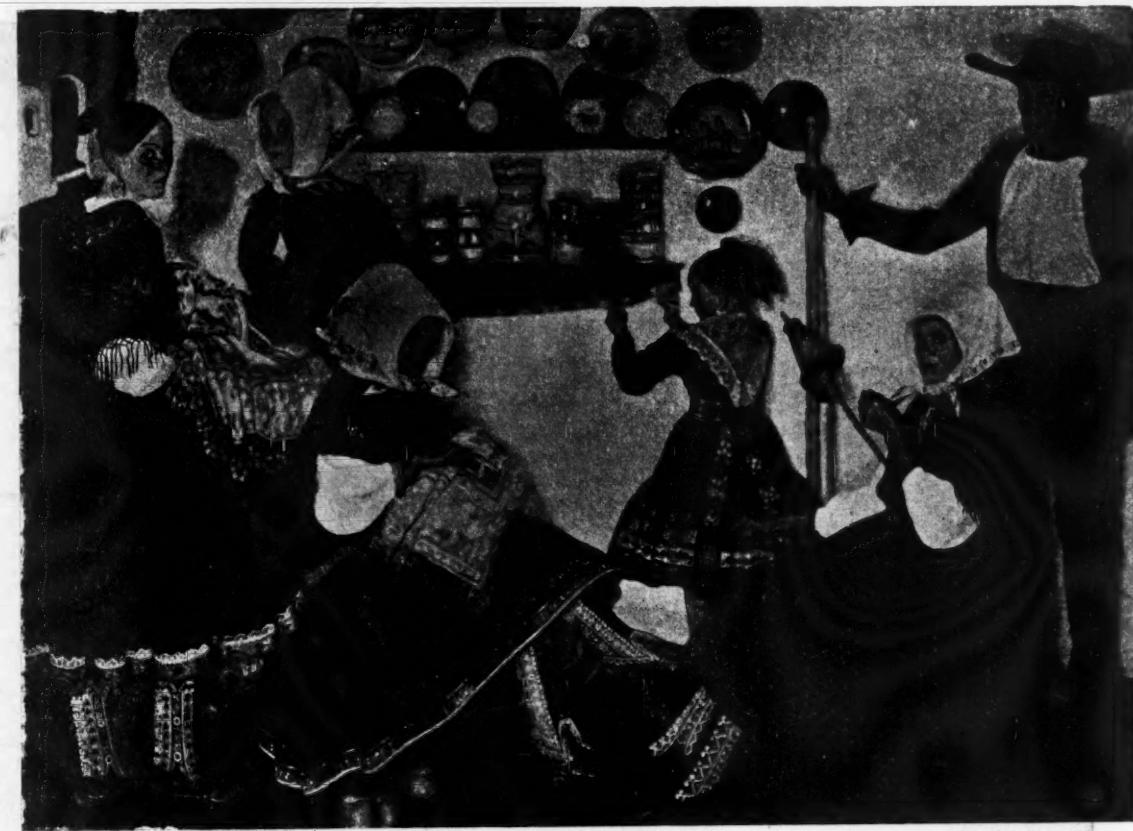
they are becoming better known in this country, and are represented in various private collections. It will not be long until American museums and galleries will be following suit by acquiring specimens of the Zubiaurre's work.

The four photographs here shown are representative of the most recent work of Valentin and Ramon. If only it were possible with our limited means to reproduce them in colors, our readers would be astonished with the brilliant mastery of color shown. In the imagination invest the pictures with deep shimmering blues, glowing oranges, deep reddish browns, delicate whites and yellows and greens and vibrant notes of red, and one can perhaps conjure up the rich palettes of the Zubiaurres.

The popular conception of Spain has to do with the bull-ring, with balconies loaded with dark señoritas in shawls, with gypsies dancing fandangoes and jotas. The Zubiaurres do not portray this largely imaginary aspect of Spain, but chose rather for their subjects the life of the peasants and fishermen of the interior and north of Spain. They portray types as rugged as the soil from which they spring. Note, in "The Village Fathers" the similarity of the leather-faced, sturdy old peasants to the stern and rugged character of the landscape be-



*"The Mariner in a Tempest," after a painting by Ramon de Zubiaurre*



*"Home Life of Spanish Women," after a painting by Ramon de Zobiaurre*

hind them. In the "Mariners in a Tempest" we see depicted the rock-bound and tempestuous character of the coast of Northern Spain, the strength of which is symbolized in the face of the old fishermen, standing defiant of the elements. The waves have already engulfed one ship and his own boat is dangerously near the rocks, but from the calm assurance and strength of his face and gesture, one feels that he will bring his boat safely to shore.

We find Ramon de Zobiaurre at his best in the typical subject "Home Life of Spanish Women." It exemplifies Ramon's strong feeling for pattern and rhythmical arrangement. The peasant costumes decorated with rich embroideries and the collection of Spanish pottery all help out the design and add to the local color while being at the same time faithful renderings.

In "Young Peasant Women" we see Valentin de Zobiaurre use a very different manner from that employed in "The Village Fathers." Here, instead of sternness and forcefulness, we find a soft, rounded strength in the figures, and a suggestion of beneficent skies and fertile soil. The faces of the young women are painted with great tenderness and care as well as firmness.

Valentin de Zobiaurre was among those instrumental in organizing the International Exhibition of Deaf Artists in Paris last January. Of this he writes to the SILENT WORKER:

"The plan was due to Mr. Francois Crolard, an intelligent and industrious deaf French artist, and to Mlle. Marguerite Colas, daughter of a deaf French artist. There were eighty works of painting, sculpture and

design. All were good. There were works of well-known French artists and also of a deaf American, Mr. Stauffer.

"The day of the opening of the Exhibition we had on the Committee of Honor Monsieur Besnard, painter and academician, Leon Benedite, Director of the Luxembourg Museum, and other noted artists, writers, and well-known people. Everybody had thought that the deaf did not have anything to show but common stuff, not at all pleasing. Afterwards, all were delighted to see the splendor of conception of the deaf. The Exhibition was successful in creating cordial feelings, being the first international exhibition for deaf artists.

"We have the notion to have another in Paris, also, in two or three years. I hope that you will interest foreign artists in it as much as you are able."

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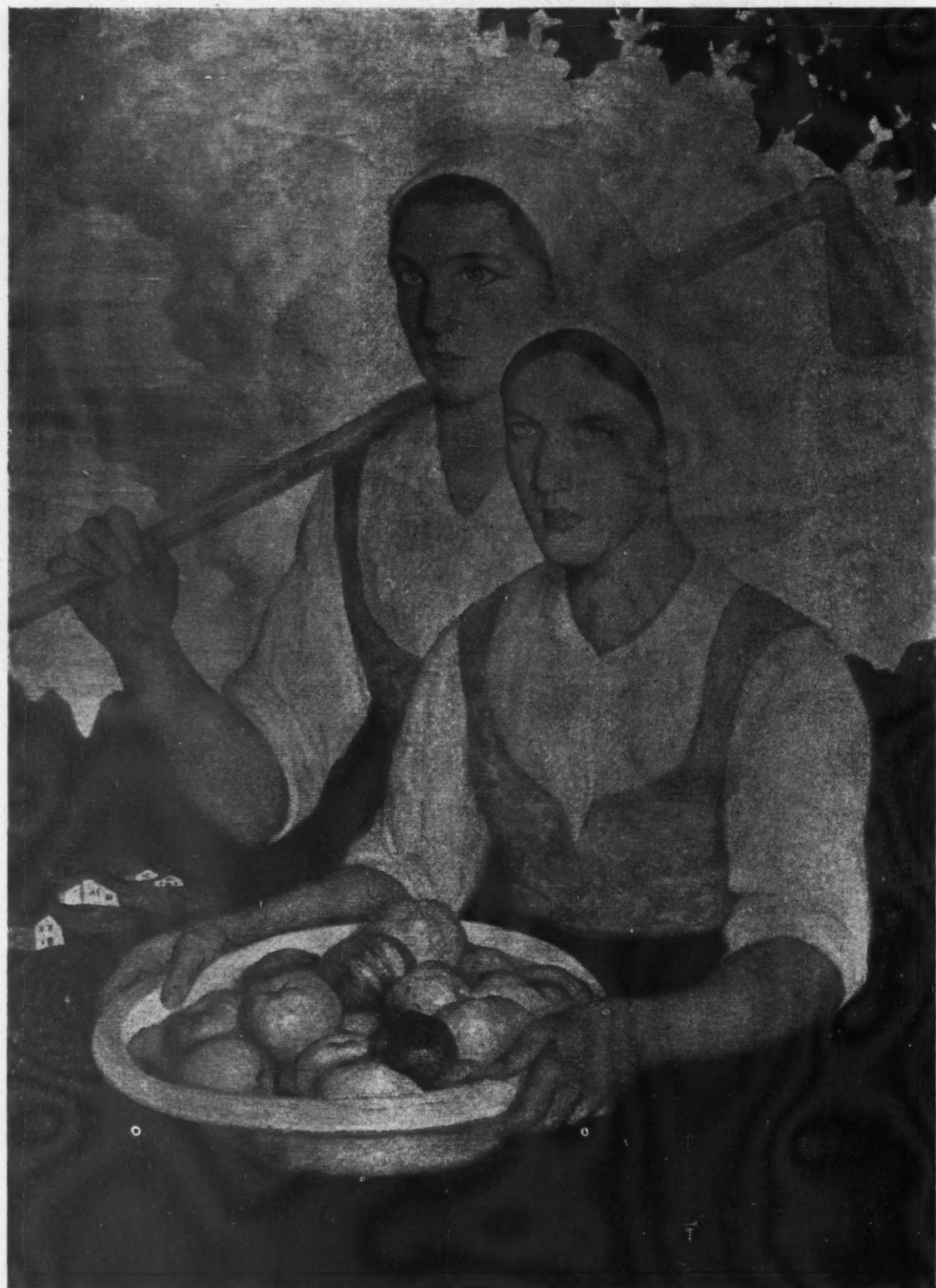
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"Young Peasant Women", after a painting by Valentin de Zubiaurre

# GRANVILLE REDMOND

*Another Distinguished California Artist, also Movie Actor at Hollywood*



RANVILLE REDMOND, now approaching the half century of his life's journey, is better known at the present day as the friend of Charlie Chaplin, the world's most popular comedian, on whose lot he has his studio and where he does most of his painting.

This popularity has been increased to no small extent by his being selected to appear in the movies at different times and in this connection it may be said that Chaplin's ability to use the sign language is due to Redmond's coaching.

A native of Philadelphia, young Redmond went with his parents to California when he was three years old. His education was received at the Berkeley school where his talents along art lines were discovered and developed. Graduating in 1890, he was given a course at the Mark Hopkins Art Institute where he won several gold medals for best drawing from life. In 1893, he was sent to Paris, France, at the expense of the state to continue his studies in the Academie Julien. Out of hundreds of

students of this famous institution he won second rank by his picture of Achilles dragging the body of Hector around the walls of Troy. And this after ten days of his entrance to the Academie!

In 1895, he acquired greater reputation by his noted picture, "A Winter Scene on the Seine," entered in the Paris Salon and later sent in gratitude as a present to the Berkeley school directors.

After five years of successful study in France, Mr. Redmond was suddenly called to America, locating in Los Angeles, California, where he has since pursued his art with vigor.

While abroad he also studied under J. P. Laurens and Benjamin Constant, and shows the result of his first lesson in portrait in miniature on porcelain of the well known actress Julia Marlowe. His other picture at this time was a large one called "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," which was sold to a French gentleman who admired it.

Mr. Redmond is now acting for a new film production.



GRANVILLE REDMOND AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

### HENRY FORTIN

Henry Fortin, a French painter, was born January 26th, 1861, in Guise (Aisne) France. Mr. Fortin revealed his gift for drawing while attending school in Paris, making excellent sketches of the Pantheon, the resting place of Victor Hugo and other illustrious countrymen of France. After the war of 1870-71, he entered the National Institution for the Deaf in Paris—the alma mater of all the distinguished deaf men of France today. Graduating in 1881 he entered as a student the School of Arts at the Academie Colorassi at the School of Fine

Arts. At this time he opened two studios—one for portrait painting and the other for photography. Most of his drawings have been of military character for use in magazines.

Some of Mr. Fortin's pictures exhibited in Rheims, Nevers and Paris, won prizes, among which was a silver medal. Three of his military pictures appeared in the December, 1918, number of this magazine illustrating an article about him contributed by Mdlle Yvonne Pitrois, the Paris correspondent for THE SILENT WORKER who has an interesting story about him on another page.

## Rose Chadabe

The career of Rose Chadabe has been an unusually interesting one. Besides being the possessor of a charming personality, Miss Chadabe is a model of industry. In the short time during which she has assumed the study of art, her progress has been remarkable. Her untiring, cheerful disposition has made her very popular.



ROSE CHADABE

Her friends and acquaintances have bestowed upon her the distinction of being one of the most accomplished girls of the Jewish Deaf of Greater New York.

Miss Chadabe came to this country from Lithuania in 1909. While still a child she displayed qualities rarely found in much older individuals. Always hopeful and patient, Miss Chadabe, although still deaf, has, by her own effort and industry, realised the foremost of her ambi-

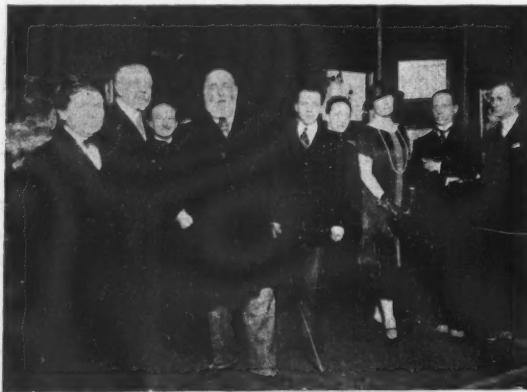
tions to be par with the normal individual in speech. This is, indeed, an achievement!

Like many of our most famous artists, the study of art never occurred to Miss Chadabe until several years after her graduation from elementary school. She has since studied at the National Academy of Design and the Educational Alliance. She is now studying at Cooper Union and after the completion of her course expects to

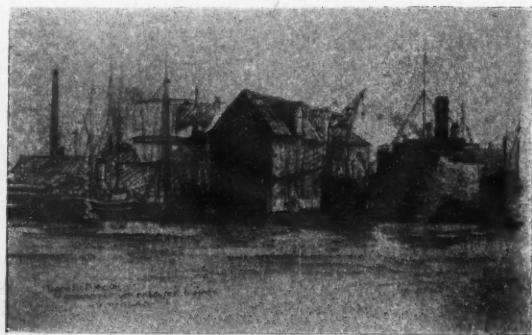


Charcoal Sketch of a "Palestinian." Drawn from life by Rose Chadabe.

enter a more renowned art school. Miss Chadabe has been the recipient of some of the highest awards for excellent work. She is regarded as a student of unusual talent and is expected within a few years, to rank with the greatest artists of our day.



Opening of the Exposition of Silent Artists, January 19, 1925, Paris, France



From the docks of Copenhagen, after a pencil sketch by George Olsen

## George Olsen



THE SUBJECT of this sketch, a talented young sojourner on American shores for the past three years, is a native of Norway. Born twenty-four years ago in Oslo, the capital of Norway, he lost his hearing at the age of ten from measles.

Olsen had the advantage of four years in a public



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

GEORGE OLSEN

not least, afflicted with the same handicap of deafness. He enthusiastically penned an answer—and waited. Nothing ever came of it, and not until many years after did he learn that his uncle (a remarkable man to whom he is greatly indebted) had put in the ad in young Olsen's behalf and had received only one answer—Olsen's own. After this Olsen gradually learned to withdraw from his solitude and to take an interest in the deaf and their activities. On account of his abilities he was elected secretary of the local athletic club for the deaf. His position brought him into contact with the newspapers and gave him his first journalistic training. Among the young deaf he earned a reputation as an advisor in different matters and was given the nickname of "The Kid Lawyer" by his friends.

In the meantime the budding artist temporarily gave up cartooning as an occupation and devoted his energies to commercial advertising art, finding the latter more profitable. For several years he worked for advertising agencies in Oslo. During one year he used his spare hours to study modelling in clay under the supervision of a German, all that his home town could offer him in

school for the hearing before he became deaf. He was then transferred to the school for the deaf in the above-named city and after three years there, graduated with honors. His talent for drawing being very pronounced, he entered the local academy of art and design where he studied for a year. At the age of thirteen he was on the staff of a comic paper getting more thrill than money from seeing his first cartoons regularly published. At this period young Olsen was greatly up against the problem of deafness. One day he found a want-ad in the newspaper seeking a congenial companion for a young fellow of his own age and occupation and last, but the way of study. Other lands were calling. He started on his first journey out of Norway, a short one, to be sure, which brought him to Copenhagen. In Copenhagen he lived for one year with a noted Danish sculptor. In the daytime he studied at the "Studio," a private art school; in the evenings at the "Croquis." From the sculptor he absorbed also much valuable knowledge.

After returning home from his year of study in Denmark, Olsen was elected with two others to represent the Norwegian deaf at the Athletic Convention of Scandinavian Deaf in Helsingør, Finland. Returning from that trip he started out in business for himself as a free lance artist, specializing in commercial advertising. He made a list of leading manufacturing firms and then worked out suggestions for newspaper advertisements for the products of these firms. Next he called on his prospects, showed his drawings, and generally succeeded



Head of Rodin, from a Bronze, by George Olsen



*Jugar and Crocodile, Pencil Drawing after a Barye Bronze by George Olsen*

in selling his stuff, establishing connections, and getting orders. Being his own salesman, Olsen got the most interesting and educating experiences from contact with prominent people. Pad and pencil practically eliminated his handicap of deafness.

With such bright prospects, Olsen, however, felt restless—he wanted to see more of the world, but found himself being gradually tied down to his business. Being still very young, he decided to break loose before it was too late. He sent his clients a circular letter stating that he was going on a two years' journey of study and observation. And so he set out for the United States. He has now been here for three years, being employed for the last two years in a large advertising concern in New York. Here he has made good.

SILENT WORKER readers made their first acquaintance with Mr. Olsen a couple of years ago, when his clever series of cartoons, "Difficulties of Ours," began to appear. They have continued to show our foibles and annoyances in a variety of amusing situations, and they are drawn with a distinguished technique which is thoroughly professional.

Tho much of his work is done in pen and ink, George Olsen's favorite medium is the lead pencil. He has made many beautiful and spirited drawings in this medium, a few of which are reproduced here. He shows real knowledge and skill in his drawings of animals and the figure, but loves best of all to portray ships, dock-yards, and all that has to do with the sea, evincing therein his Norse ancestry.



*Manhattan, looking south from West 57th Street, after a Pencil Drawing by George Olsen*

## Commercial Art

By THOMAS O. GRAY



HEN you take a stroll through the downtown section of a large city did it ever occur to you that those beautiful decorative window display were the work of some creative genius? You possibly did not think anything about that as your mind was studying the quality of those goods on display. To make these snug corners attractive to the general buying public, merchants depend upon the assistance of Commercial art. Show cards neatly placed in commandable positions, or entwined in the goods, act as silent salesman, and often their appeal is more effective than the logic of the most successful clerk. Of all the various kinds of commercial art the advertising posters, magazine covers, etc., are the most valuable from a remunerative standpoint. It's. indispensable to the merchants in disposing of certain merchandise and stimulates advertising to a point where its value is not to be overlooked. Newspapers and magazines do not hesitate to set aside a large sum to purchase the created product of a talented commercial artist for advertising purposes. A large retail merchant recently paid \$1,000 for a single idea of a commercial artist. Its expenditure wasn't but one-twentieth of what it realized from the advertising secured through the publication of this idea.

There are very few deaf who have become proficient craftsmen in this profession but they have, in spite of

their handicap, managed to give their more fortunate brothers the keenest competition, resulting in commendable compensation. It is difficult to conceive how they managed to overcome a stonewall of resistance only to emerge on the other side a commercial artist. Pos-



*Costume Design, by Fred Lee*



*Costume Design, by Fred Lee*

sibly this was through sheer pluck and perseverance, but anyone who has indomitable courage can not fail to land right-side-up. The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts has a highly trained staff of instructors in all the branches of art. Its instruction is imparted verbally and that makes it very difficult for a mute to keep step with other students. The writer has attended a course there in cartooning and the largest class at that time was in commercial art. That speaks well for the future of this profession and establishes the confidence of the advertising world in its future. It is an acknowledgment that the advertising gained by this process is the most successful and economical method of salesmanship.

Commercial art has no limitations to its field of endeavor. Within its boundaries lie numerous opportunities for the deaf. It is an ideal occupation for those seeking congenial and lucrative employment. The one who is brave enough to endure the hardships of inattentive instructors while studying this branch of art certainly deserves success. The most trying part is for him to accommodate the compassionate stare of an instructor ignorant of the status of the deaf. He must show his superiors that in his determination to become a successful artist he has the ability, and the courage of a lion. He will not receive much attention until something personal catches their fancy. Then he will receive more interest than usual, and be taught to avoid

the flaws of commercial art. Experience has taught the Art Institutions that their existence depends upon the work of their graduates and it's up to their instructors to teach advanced methods to demonstrate the advertising power of commercial art. On the other hand, they do not waste their time on yearly "cogs" that constantly turn round but never advances. They seem to agree with Sinclair Oil that, "Vacant stares indicates empty space in upper story."

To estimate the value of this kind of art one has just to step inside a bookstore and find himself surrounded by a thousand beautiful book cover designs. These are classified into two styles, viz: First come those designed for news-stand sale, including magazines; second come those especially designed for the library edition. The former is generally of a poster scheme, very simple, with the lettering made as attractive and readable as skill is able to make it. Those of the library edition are more



*Costume Design, by Fred Clement Lee*

of a dignified pattern. In designing the cover the artist's idea is born by reading the manuscript, or contents of the book. He blends his design to harmonize with the story, and takes care to add bright and attractive colors in order to create a desire for possession. The roving eye of a million or more people are drawn to it, causing them to glance through and consequently their interest ends in purchasing the book.

Many of the schools for the deaf throughout the country have departments devoted to instruction in art, but not on a scale elevated enough to receive recogni-

tion from advanced institutions of higher learning. Evidently our solons have not discovered that the deaf can master this profession or their appropriations would be substantial enough to develop this branch of art. Casually, they give it a squint and pass it up as mere entertainment for the pupils. In spite of the niggardly allowance for these departments, pupils should get acquainted with the fundamentals of commercial art and on leaving their school continue to practice and finally enter one of the numerous commercial art institutions. Here the most modern methods are practiced, and being acquainted with the base of commercial art, their chances will be very bright.

Of the most successful deaf commercial artist I beg leave to mention the work of Mr. Ward Small, formerly of Evanston, Ill., but now of Santa Barbara, Calif. His experience tackling this profession is an example for our future generations to follow. He not only opened the eyes of the deaf world to the chances this branch has in store for those who decide to become commercial artists, but he demonstrated the feasibility of this business in recompensing those who take it up. His work in the environs of Chicago attracted much attention despite the skeptical attitude of the doubtful. Samples of his work were "nuff said" to a prospective employer, nothing else was required to convince, it just silently explained his ability with the result he was engaged.

On one occasion, Mr. Small had an entertainment at his Evanston home, inviting a selected bunch of artists to participate in the refreshments. On entering his beautifully decorated home their attention was promptly attracted to its interior finish, which was done by Mr. Small himself. Their countenances beamed with admiration as they scanned the walls and ceiling that carried an idea of his own as to how a home should be decorated. They left singing the praise of his work and his keen sense of color selection.

Commercial art can be almost found in every nook and corner of the world to-day. In the steam railways, in the ocean going greyhounds and in the road or pneumatic highway, greyhounds we still come across the work of its craftsmen. Art has a great future that the present generation cannot penetrate, time will tell. Generation after generation come and go but ART lives on proving the truth of this pithy saying: "Art is long; life is short."

### Fred Lee, Commercial Artist

Fred Clement Lee was born in Anna, Illinois, September 21, 1898. At the age of four he moved with his parents to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he spent most of his life. Went to the Nebraska School for the Deaf at Omaha and graduated in 1919. Entered Gallaudet College the same year and attended there until 1921. In two temporary years he studied art at the University of Nebraska and, also, attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts a year.

Was doing theatrical poster work and later was a pictorial painter. Was a designer for the former Thos. Cusack in Chicago. Decorative and costume designer in the town. He is a member of the Silent Athletic Club of Chicago where he has been taking up the amateur theatrical work and art work, too.

Single, an excellent signmaker, fair speaker and lip reader. No deaf relatives. He lives at 4647 N. Keystone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Besides the several reproductions of his work shown in the article on "Commercial Art," by Thomas O. Gray, he has contributed several of his costume designs to be used on front covers for future issues of the **SILENT WORKER**.

# Kelly Haygood Stevens, "Painter of Texas Skies"

By TROY E. HILL

**K**HE OCTOBER issue of the SILENT WORKER having been designated as the Artists' Number, the conductor of the Longhorn Page combed the far reaches of this great State to discover the best known or the most promising deaf artist Texas can boast.



KELLY HAYGOOD STEVENS

After careful search, making inquiries among the deaf of the Lone Star State, and referring to the State School, I have decided that the person about whom this article shall be written is none other than the SILENT WORKER'S own art editor.

Away back in the long ago, when other folks of the good old U.S.A. thought that the region on the map known as Texas was nothing but a wild and wooly Indian country, where white men were forced to be on guard night and day if they expected to hold onto their scalps, there was born a youngster who in later years was to become Texas' foremost deaf artist. Kelly Haygood Stevens first saw the light of day on a windy March day in the year 1896. He was born a normal child with the full complement of senses, but at the age of four years Fate took a hand and decreed that thru deafness he should be led to follow art as a profession. Having lost his hearing, or rather the greater part of it, the boy found himself out of most of the childhood games in his home town and soon took to drawing pictures to occupy his time.

Altho history isn't straight upon the matter, we understand that young Stevens first began to draw pictures upon the white limestone rocks which abound in that portion of the state where his parents lived. It is also said that at a very early age he began to make life a misery for all the cats in his immediate neighborhood. For Kelly's father, who was a struggling young merchant, saw no sense in the youngster's buying paint brushes and such things, and young "Kell," as the gang began to call him, took to skinning the cats, that is, he pulled the poor things' tails clear off them getting materials for paint brushes.

The boy's parents used his remnant of hearing to give him the rudiments of education at home before sending him to the Texas School for the Deaf in September, 1907, from which school he graduated in 1914.

Upon entering the Texas School, Stevens became a pupil of Mrs. W. H. Huddle, art instructor at the school, widow of the noted Texas painter, W. H. Huddle, and herself an artist of great ability. The boy soon became proficient in drawing, painting, and designing



Gulf Clouds, Texas, after painting by Kelly H. Stevens



Mission San Jose, San Antonio, Texas, after a painting by Kelly H. Stevens

under her instruction. Upon entering Gallaudet College he took supplementary work in the afternoons and evenings at the Corcoran School of Art in Washington, D. C. Here he was a pupil of the noted painters, E. C. Messer and R. N. Brooke.

After taking his degree from Gallaudet in 1920, Stevens began to teach in the New Jersey School for the Deaf. Here he was given a studio where he began his first work for the *SILENT WORKER*. After a year of teaching in the grades he was promoted to teach applied art, and he became staff artist for the *SILENT WORKER*. He has continued this work for the past four years, putting in his evenings attending a night class in drawing at the Trenton School of Industrial Art for much of the time.

In the summer of 1924, Stevens spent two months abroad in travel, study, and painting. While in Europe he executed a number of beautiful water colors of European scenes. Some of these have been reproduced upon the covers of the *SILENT WORKER* and are familiar to all its readers.

The brilliancy and light of the atmosphere of Texas,



Another San Jose Mission scene, after a water-color by Kelly H. Stevens

her sunny skies, her prairies abloom with gorgeous color and her varied and ever changing cloud effects wrought by the breezes from the Gulf, early imbued Kelly Stevens with a love for color and light. His favorite painting ground is Texas. His brush has caught the warm tones of the Great Southwest, and imparts its color to all he touches, probably his favorite subject being the rolling prairies of Texas all abloom with blue bonnets. The romantic old Spanish Missions around San Antonio have also been often reproduced by his brush. Two of his recent paintings of them are here shown, much reduced, but it is to be regretted that the delicate tones have quite disappeared in the photograph.

Flowers form another favorite subject for Steven's brush. Their exquisite and delicate colors and their possibilities as decorations furnish a happy subject for him. He utilizes them in decorative compositions together with birds and fruit.

Our artist is a great lover of nature in all its moods and manifestations. He is fondest of painting either in the early morning with its soft grey colors, or in the late afternoon with its rich colors and shadows. While living in the eastern part of the country he has spent a good deal of his spare time painting the countryside of Eastern Pennsylvania, in the autumn, when nature is ablaze with color. His passion for the quiet canals, the great trees and the old stone farmhouses of Bucks County can easily be seen in his reproductions upon canvas, and

he is never so happy as when painting them on a glowing autumn afternoon, the richness of the trees reflected in quiet water.

This last summer Kelly Stevens held an informal exhibit of his works in his home town, Mexia, Texas. This was very favorably received and a number of the paintings were sold. Below follows an extract from the *Mexia Daily News* of August 31, commenting on the exhibit:

MEXIA CITIZENS APPRECIATE ART OF LOCAL ARTIST

BY MAVIS WARD

The fact that Mexia citizens appreciate art and are justly proud of claiming a real artist as their own—was shown by the many people who visited the exhibit of the recent work of Kelly H. Stevens at the home of his sister, Mrs. George L. Petyon, 312 East Rusk street, Friday and Saturday of the past week.

Mr. Stevens, teacher of art in the school for the Deaf at Trenton, New Jersey, had on exhibition 35 paintings.

Eleven of the 35 pieces of work were European Water Colors. Two of these—"Florence, Sunset on the Arno" and "Cypress Trees, Nice," were purchased Saturday by Mrs. Jess McLendon of Mexia. A third of the group, "Mid-Atlantic," was not for sale, as it is intended as a gift to Mr. Stevens' first art teacher, Mrs. W. H. Huddle, teacher of art at the School for the Deaf in Austin. Mrs. Huddle has admired this water color work to such an extent, that her former pupil wishes her to have it. The remaining eight water colors on exhibit were: "Lake Lucerne, Switzerland;" "Tower on Old City Wall, Lucerne;" "The Jungfrau;" "View from Chateau Rock, Nice, France;" "The Bay From Chateau Rock, Nice, Venice;" "The Canal House;" "Old Dutch Houses, Amsterdam" and "Choppy Day, Mid Atlantic."

Out of the remaining 24 paintings, four are reproductions of old masterpieces.

"Saying Grace" after Nicholas Maes, Dutch School of 1610, the original, Amsterdam, was purchased by Mrs. J. K. Hughes. Mr. Stevens worked on this reproduction at intervals for nine years. The last trip to Holland was made expressly for the purpose of studying the original in the Ryks museum at Amsterdam.

The remaining three reproductions on exhibit, wonderful in their likeness to the originals, were "Dance of the Shepherds" after Raphael, Italian School; and "The Mill" after Rembrandt, Dutch School.

Five bluebonnet scenes were included in the exhibit—"Bluebonnets and Mesquite," "Bluebonnets, Capital in distance, Austin," and "Bluebonnets at Tehuacana." The best named scene was painted from the curve on the Tehuacana road overlooking what is known as Inspiration Point. One need only look at this sketch to realize how true Mr. Stevens' brush is, for any one who has seen a photograph of the scene could get no better reproduction—and none of the color than that found in the truly great work of art.

"The Enchanted Mesa, New Mexico"—one of the artist's best pieces of work—showed a great table rock looming across the desert in solitary grandeur, reddened at sunset by the glowing light.

Another large painting of distinctive charm was "The Peacock and Rock" showing that gorgeous fowl on a golden ground.

Four paintings of the old missions at San Antonio were admired particularly by those who viewed the exhibit. "The Mission San Jose—Morning" showed the lovely old mission grey in the early morning light, while a companion picture "The Mission San Jose—afternoon," showed it golden beneath the rays of the afternoon sunlight.

"The Mission Concepcion" painted recently in two afternoons; and "The Mission San Francisco de la Espada" completed this group.

"Morning Clouds, Texas," and "Gulf Clouds, on a Summer Afternoon, Texas," exhibited the artist's rare talent in cloud painting, which has received much favorable criticism from art critics.

The wide variety of theme for his work attest as nothing else could the true genius of the artist. He excels in oil and water color alike. He reproduces masterpieces and then makes immortal drifts of cloud, never seen before and never to be seen again.

Mexia indeed has something to be proud of. Kelly Stevens—artist.

Mr. Stevens will leave Sunday for Trenton, New Jersey, where he will remain a month before sailing for Europe on a year's leave of absence from the Trenton School for the Deaf. Six months of this time—the fall and winter season—will be spent in Florence, Italy. The remaining time—spring and summer—will find him in Paris, France.—*Mexia, Texas, Evening News.*

Not being an artist, nor of an artistic temperament or tastes, it is impossible for a mere layman like the writer to go further into detail about the abilities of our friend and artist, but I feel sure that when a final reckoning is made, most of my readers will agree with me that one will need to look far and wide to find a better painter of the beauties of nature than Kelly Haygood Stevens.

### John M. Stauffer

Reproductions of John M. Stauffer's paintings and pen and ink sketches have already appeared in this magazine from time to time and more will be shown in the future.



*Harry E. Stevens, although his real business is that of a architectural draftsman, has made many pen and ink sketches of real merit. He is a graduate of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf in New York, and has made his home in Merchantville, N. J., for many years.*

Mr. Stauffer is a graduate of the Mt. Airy School and conducts an "Art Shop" in Hazelton, Pa.

We have no data about his art education, but his work possesses merit and as he seems to possess originality and imagination he gives promise of developing into a real artist some day. We show in this issue two small reproductions from wash drawings.

### Married

#### KESSLER-COREY

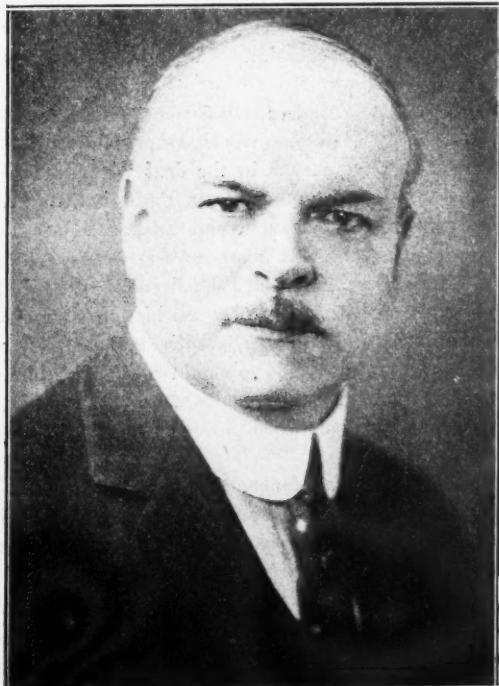
Mrs. Myrtle Corey, of Tennessee, and William C. Kessler, of Chicago and Florida, were quietly married at Morrisville, Pa., on the ninth of last July.

The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in Florida where Mr. Kessler is the owner of considerable valuable property in Miami.

Mrs. Corey is a teacher in the Knoxville, Tenn., school for the deaf and has resumed her duties until a substitute can be found to take her place.

Mrs. Kessler, who has a deaf-mute mother living in Trenton, has had quite an interesting career. As Miss Morris, she went to Cuba a number of years ago to start a school for the deaf and just as she had succeeded in getting the school under way a Dr. Corey persuaded her to marry him. Unfortunately the husband died and left her with a baby boy to look after. This made it necessary for her to give up the school in Cuba and return to the states.

Mr. Kessler, her present husband, is a widower. He is a painter by profession, spending his winters in Miami and summers in Chicago. The happy couple have the best wishes of their numerous friends.



*Photo by A. L. Pack.  
William Lipgens, one of the foremost artists in precious metals in this country. He has been with Tiffany a good many years.*

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Article for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 38

OCTOBER, 1925

No. 1

## Our Art Number

In the field of Art the deaf have been signally successful—some have even acquired national and international fame. For instance, in America the names of Humphrey Moore the painter, Douglas Tilden the sculptor, and Cadwalader Washburn the etcher, stand ahead of all the others, and in Europe the most noteworthy are Minkowski, the Polish painter, the brothers Zubiaurre who are internationally known as painters, and Ebstain, the sculptor.

Few in number, indeed. But why not? Are not the great masters of the world extremely few? So, also, are the great masters in the deaf world. Moore, now aged and living a quiet life in Paris, is little heard of now. He made Japanese and Spanish subjects his favorite studies and his masterpieces were produced along these lines. Tilden has already reached the zenith of his glory and is resting on his laurels in Oakland, California. Washburn is such a globe trotter it has been next to impossible to get in touch with him, so we must be content to show only a couple of copies of his old etchings published in this magazine about twenty years ago.

There are quite a number of other artists of lesser fame and still more who are struggling up the ladder. However, we think we have covered the field pretty well and if there are others not mentioned we would be glad to hear from them.

To Kelly Stevens, our staff artist, we are indebted for many helpful suggestions in planning our "Art Number." Mr. Stevens is by this time on his way to France to take up a year's course in advertising and illustrative art in the Paris and Florence Schools of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. He will continue his

connection with the SILENT WORKER during his sojourn abroad by contributing a monthly humorous letter on European life and customs, illustrated with sketches. Those who enjoyed his "Ten Weeks on the Other Side" last year will look forward with anticipation to these letters. Upon his return from abroad Mr. Stevens will return to us and THE SILENT WORKER will be the gainer by the additional experience thus gained. He is a young man of much promise and we shall be very much disappointed if he does not make a name for himself in art circles later on.

## The International Conference

The International Conference on the Education of the Deaf was held in London from July 20 to 25, and judged both from a point of view of attendance and from the quality of the program presented, it was a great success. There were teachers present from nearly every country in Europe, from India, Australia, Japan, South America, as well as from the United States. Our country sent over thirty delegates representing a number of schools in the east and the middle west. Four American schools also participated in an exhibit of work done by the pupils, and their part drew very favorable comment from those examining it. Among those giving addresses were Dr. Percival Hall on "The Higher Education Training for the Deaf," Mr. Alvin E. Pope on "Vocational Training," and Dr. Goldstein, of St. Louis, on "Acoustic Training."

A striking feature to the American visitors was the absence of the adult deaf. It must be remembered, of course, that this was a meeting of educators, and that there are practically no deaf teachers in any of the English or European schools, the oral method being predominant. When our British brethren speak of the "combined method," they mean a permission to use a little manual spelling in conjunction with speech and lipreading, somewhat after the fashion of the Rochester method. Still, we should have thought that some of the educated deaf would be interested in proceedings affecting the education of the deaf, and that they would have been present, at least, at those sessions which dealt with the after-care, social and religious work. Whether the absence of the adult deaf was due to an apathy of the deaf or to some fault on the teachers' part was not quite clear to us.

Another feature that was quite noticeable to visitors from this side was a complete absence of machinery in all shops in schools for the deaf over there. Hand-methods only were taught, even in schools that claimed to be somewhat of trade-schools. It is true, industrial conditions in England are different from ours, and there is still a place for men who do handwork only, but industry is changing rapidly over there, too, and it will not be long before the man who is not acquainted with the handling of machinery will not be able to compete with the machine-trained man. The records of those having graduated from the English schools, how-

ever, are very good, showing, in some cases, over 90 per cent employed, with 78 per cent following the trade learned in school.

One of the early results of the Convention will probably be the establishment in England of an institution for the higher education of the deaf and more advanced training in technical subjects. At present, the school age extends only to sixteen years, much too young to give every deaf boy and girl the opportunity for proper education which is his birthright.

## Dr. A. L. E. Crouter

In the death of Dr. A. L. E. Crouter on the 26th of last June the deaf world has lost one of its best loved and most highly esteemed educators. The great school at Mt. Airy, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, will always remain as a monument to the memory of him whose love and devotion created it—the greatest oral school for the deaf in the world.

Dr. Crouter was a past-master of the sign language which he used freely whenever invited to speak at conventions or at banquets. His sign delivery was so plain and comprehensive it was always a real pleasure to see him use it.

His usefulness to the school which he served as superintendent for nearly fifty-eight years seemed to increase rather than to decrease with his years. He was 79 years old at the time of his death.

Mr. E. A. Gruver has been appointed to succeed Dr. Crouter. Mr. Gruver is well known to the profession, having for a number of years taught under the direction of Dr. Crouter and is therefore familiar with the work of the school. Mr. Gruver brings with him at Mt. Airy the experience he has gained as Superintendent of three schools—the School for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes in New York City, The Central New York Institution for the Deaf, in Rome, and the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs.

## Thomas P. Clark

After a lingering illness Thomas P. Clarke passed away in Portland, Oregon, on the — of August in the 67th year of his age.

The deceased was connected with the education of the deaf for many years, first as a teacher in the Arkansas School for the Deaf in Little Rock, under his brother Francis D. Clarke, whom he followed to Michigan as teacher when the latter became Superintendent of the Flint school. After his brother's death he went to Vancouver, Washington, to fill the appointment of Superintendent of the State School which he served creditably until his retirement just before the World-War. The Arkansas School in Little Rock next claimed him as Superintendent which position he served for two years, returning to Vancouver where he was re-appointed to his old position. Failing health, however, compelled him to relinquish the arduous duties

in favor of George B. Lloyd, accepting a teacher's position which he held until his death.

Thomas P. Clarke, like his brother Fred of blessed memory, was very popular with the deaf wherever he went and his death will be regarded by them as a severe loss.

## The Iowa Convention

The American Instructors of the Deaf in their twenty-fourth convention, June 29 to July 24, were wise in the selection of Council Bluffs, Iowa, as the place of meeting. The officers of the Convention, the Iowa State Board of Education, Superintendent Gruver and his efficient organization are to be congratulated on the success with which the events of the week were managed.

The papers read and discussed in the various sectional meetings, some of which took the form of round table discussions, afforded the greatest amount of interesting and helpful information.

Among the social events during the week were included a reception to the members by Superintendent and Mrs. Gruver at the Iowa School; a reception by Superintendent and Mrs. Booth at the Omaha School; a meeting of the Mid-west Chapter Gallaudet College Alumni and the usual hilarious meeting and supper of the L. P. F.

One of the most enjoyable entertainment features of the week was an automobile tour of Council Bluffs and vicinity by the courtesy of the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs.

At the business meeting on Saturday morning resolutions were adopted upon the death of Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Dr. J. R. Dobbins and Dr. J. N. Tate. Plans were made looking to the organization of a summer training school in connection with the next convention.

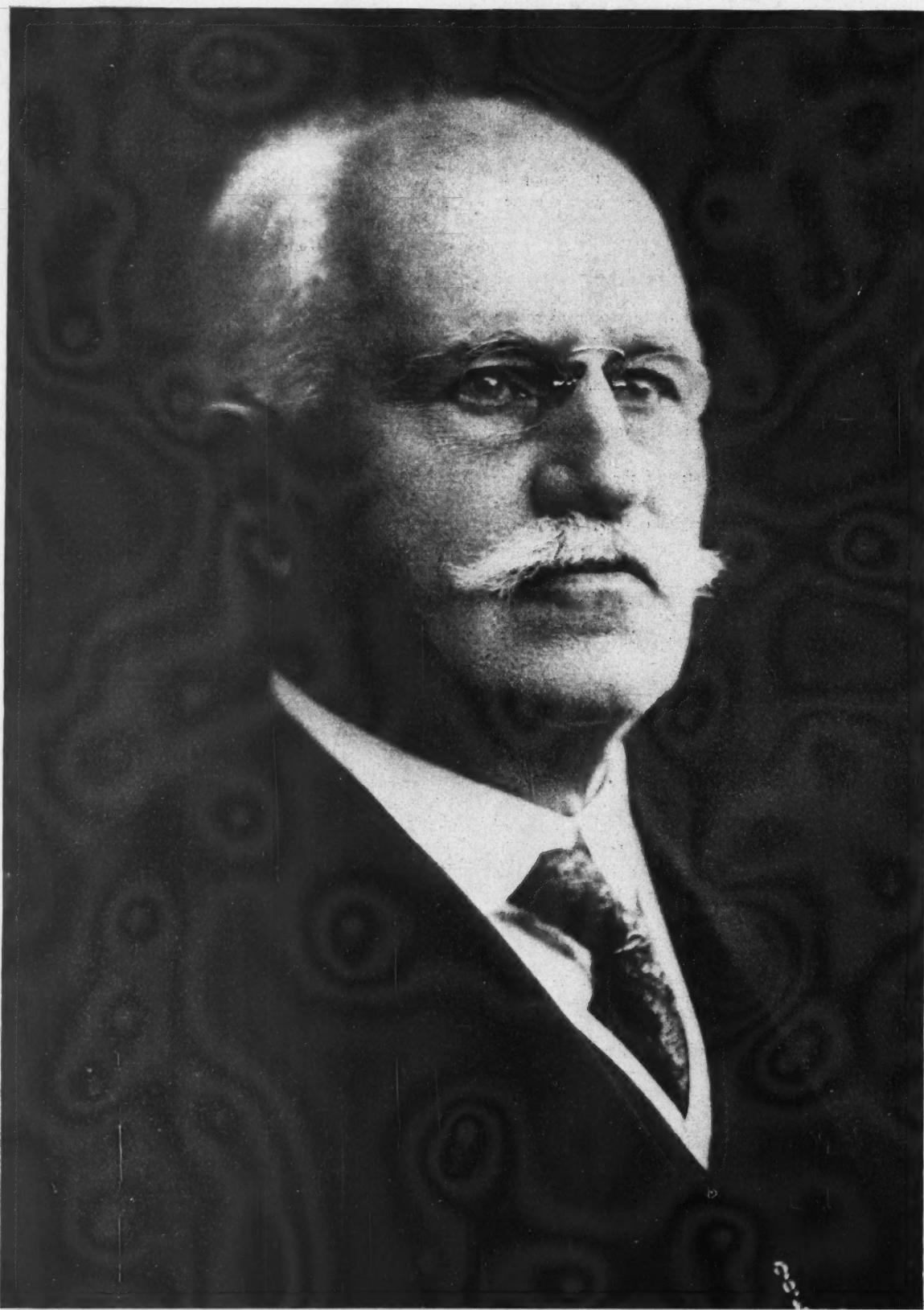
Committees covering the various sections for the next convention were appointed. Dr. J. W. Jones was elected president; Mr. Frank M. Driggs, vice-president; Mr. Ignatius BJORLEE and Dr. J. S. Long were re-elected secretary and treasurer.

The invitation of Dr. Jones to have the next convention held at Columbus, Ohio, in 1927, was accepted.

The splendid facilities of the Iowa School afforded unsurpassed opportunities for classroom demonstrations and those who conducted the demonstrations contributed immensely to the helpfulness of the convention.

A greater number of schools than ever before exhibited products of their industrial and art departments. These exhibits attracted much attention and were no doubt very profitable features of the convention.

The central location, so easy of access from all sections of the country, was perhaps, in part, responsible for the excellent attendance. A week of very fine weather and the fine spirit of earnestness which prevailed during the whole week, together with the excellent program made the Iowa Convention the best yet, and should inspire us to look forward to the 1927 Ohio gathering with much pleasurable anticipation.



ALBERT LOUIS EDGERTON CROUTER, M.A., LL.D., L.H.D.

BORN SEPTEMBER 15, 1846.

DIED JUNE 26, 1925

Connected with the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf 58 years, 41 years as Superintendent.

# A New York Deaf Artist at Hollywood

*Some Experiences in Getting a Foot hold in the Movie  
Studios of Hollywood*

By ALBERT V. BALLIN



OLLYWOOD, with its inexplicably intriguing charms, has completely captivated my soul and, without struggle, I yield to the alluring prospect of remaining here, her willing slave, to the end of my days.

Though only a little more than a year has rolled by since my arrival, this amazingly short space of time has been riotously cluttered up with marvelous adventures and experiences, to review which puts my head in a whirl. If given free rein to the urge upon me to express myself in full, I could fill several volumes. I shall, perforce, curb my flights of fancy and confine this letter to only a few spot-lights on my connection with the movie world, on the sign language and on the deaf's interests on therein.

Before launching into the middle of the subject, it is pertinent for me first to mention an incident or two to explain the irresistible forces and influences which finally brought me to California.

By strange coincidence, I became acquainted with J. Parker Read, Jr., one of the brightest young men I ever met—just think, that he learned the deaf-mute's alphabet in exactly ten minutes, and the whole sign language in three days! Many of you, my dear friends, can remember seeing us conversing together as fluently and as quickly as between two hearing men.

He became my business manager in an advertising scheme through perpetual calendars which I invented and patented, and installed in over one hundred hotels, cafes and other public places in New York City. We advertised the Hippodrome, "Cabiria," "Quo Vadis," "The Birth of a Nation," and many others.

Between contracts, his restless spirit lured him into other enterprises, mostly connected with the cinema, then in its infancy. He performed many a startling feat, one being the filming of raising and final burial of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor. But, like me, he was incapable of holding on to the elusive dollar. Invariably, he came back to me dead broke, tattered and forlorn, to beg for the loan of a dime or a quarter. I know I betray no confidence in telling this story, for he was fond of telling his friends, in the hey-day of his prosperity, how he "worked the free lunch route." That was, of course, B. V. D. (Before Volstead Days.)

We stuck together through thick and thin in our dark days. How often he and I wrangled over problems of picture-making! He and I worked together and invented the fading-in and fading-out, close-ups and other innovations now in common use — and without financial benefits to ourselves. Duffers!

Soon he disappeared from my sight for several years, to reappear swaggering resplendently in expensive sporty togs, patent-leather shoes with toothpick points, his green Fedora thrust rakishly back on his head, his Irish sky-blue eyes glittering laughingly at me in Hotel Astor, New York. This time he was near the zenith of his glory as the business manager of the renowned producer, Thomas H. Ince. They just came in with their bunch from California to start exhibiting their great picture "Civilization."

This explains how I became acquainted with this great

T. H. I., and whose friendship I enjoyed until his untimely taking off a few months ago. He was anxious to take me in the movies in some capacity, but he could not see where I would fit in on account of my handicap (deafness), which seemed to be unsurmountable—the inability to hear the oral instructions of the director. My opinion on this point has been modified a great deal since I saw picture-making at close range here; and upon which I shall dilate later.

The great War and Prohibition drove out of existence most of the hotels and cafes having my perpetual calendars, and doomed my pet advertising to perpetual somnolence. Nothing doing with painting portraits. In times of stress, ART is always the first to be hit, and the last to recover. In earnest, I was downoff and outovitchsky!

The thunder-clouds gathered with menacing density, and blew me scurrying pell-mell into a storm-cell, providentially open for me, by the sad waves of the Atlantic. Into this I crept, and there I led, for a few years, the existence of a recluse and as the companion of a blind deaf-mute. I beguiled all my leisure in study of languages, painting, writing and dreaming—mostly dreaming. During that time I enrolled as a student of the excellent Palmer Photoplay Corporation; and under its wonderful training I learned how to harness my dreams and reduce them to words. I wrote stories and stories; the last one, entitled "Sardanapalus," passed successfully into its Sales Department, where it has slept peacefully ever since. This story has met with some approbation in different quarters. Even "filmable," laconically remarked our celebrated deaf sculptor, Douglas Tilden—quite flattering, when you consider how stingy this canny Scot is with praises.

I hope, however, that it will be filmed some day. It must be published first. The reasons, therefore, are numerous. Now I am studying how to write English. As soon as I think I can, I shall rewrite all my stories for publication.

Now enough of this digression. Let us arrive in California and go ahead.

Yes, I arrived at last. Shake hands! So glad to see you! Now I am in my cherished atmosphere, an artist among artists, a dreamer among dreamers! Do not sneer at us dreamers! To them we owe infinite debts of gratitude for all the progress made in the world. Where would we be today if Columbus never dreamed? Where, if Shakespeare did not? Newton? Edison? Marconi? Just think a little, and you will get what I mean.

Excuse my hurry. Au revoir!

I hailed a taxi—two words on my pad—the driver nodded. I jumped in, and leaned back into the cushions. We trolled merrily along magnificent boulevards for a long distance. Why worry? Like Miss Kelly, I smiled at miles through scintillating sunshine, the whole landscape laughing, sparkling—an augury of a warm welcome at the end.

We stopped before the portals of a magnificent white columned mansion, standing aback in a beautiful park—The Ince Studio! A grave, stately, aged colored porter held open the door, and deferentially bowed me into the

vast vestibule. The whole place breathed of pure old Southern colonial hospitality and decorum, which has departed, never to return.

I sent in my card, and waited with bated breath for the reply. I confess that, for the first time, my heart throbbed violently. Was I over-confident? Suppose? No! This wraith of doubt was dissipated at once: the heartiest welcome imaginable greeted me. I could not feel more relieved than did the prodigal son of the Scriptures on his return home from the pig-sty.

I was feted with a luncheon; and then treated to a thorough inspection of the vast plant, covering about two New York City blocks, elaborately equipped to turn



Thomasina Mix, daughter of Tom Mix, after a painting by Albert V. Ballin, 1925

out fifty or more pictures a year; and every detail explained to me.

I came again and again, and always made to feel at home by everyone from the grand mogul down to the humble gardener. Mr. John Ince and I conversed on the lot on every topic under the sun from raising cabbages to flying an airplane. Also about Mr. Read, who had been in Europe the past two years. The latter's father is a veteran of the Civil War, over 82 years old, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, but as strong and spry as a man half his age. He informed me

that the son is now in Paris preparing to build a new theatre—more likely air-castles.

The Studio was humming with intense industry—four different pictures at the same time. So enthralling! So instructive! On one stage they were making "Dyna-Beery, Lydia Knott, Ralph Ince directing. On another mite Smith," with Charles Ray, Bessie Love, Wallace "The Siren of Seville," with Priscilla Dean, Allan Forrest, Stuart Holmes, Claire la Florez. On the third, "Barbara Frietchie," with Florence Vidor, Edmund Lowe, etc. On still another, "The House of Youth," with Jacqueline Logan for the heroine. I would love to describe how they do all these things, but space forbids I shall, though, another time. The most remarkable thing about the actors and directors is their warm interest and sympathy. All act as if we were very old friends. I was happy beyond compare.

Alas, I had to cut short my holiday, and go in bread winning, six weeks after arrival. Recollecting that I knew a thing or two about retouching negatives I applied for a job at this studio; and obtained a promise if I would make good. What results? Horrors! ! It was over ten years since I retouched. Out of practice, and things are done differently in movie studios. I was used to glass negatives made in regular photograph galleries. Here they use films and artificial lights. In spite of all my efforts to do the right thing, I made Allan Hale look as if he had a tussle with a wildcat, his face all scratched up, his nose flattened out of shape. Inadvertently, I placed the map of Ireland on the wistful face of Charles Ray; and that of Jerusalem on the pure profile of Bessie Love. If Florence Vidor saw the product of my "skill" on hers, she might have fainted upon seeing that she had a well developed goitre! The head photographer raised his hands to heaven, tears trickling down his swarthy cheeks. Recovering composure, he heavily padded his boots—and out into the cold outer darkness he kicked me.

*Nil desperandum!* I had to look around for another job. I was given a chance at Witzel's. How Alex Pach would weep tears of envy if he sees how beautifully it is equipped, beating any I saw in New York—and I saw all the best. Devonde, its head retoucher, tore out handfuls of his hair while he wrestled with my learning. To save his life or reason, he had to kick me out. I tried the Murillo Studio, where another angel, Mr. Crawford, lost many a night's sleep, over me; and tossed me back to Devonde. Between these two I oscillated for about eight months. I made a living though. But eight beautiful months were wasted—so dull, so monotonous, so soul-confining, no future! What did I come to California for?

Almost by a miracle, the wheel of fortune turned, and *ascended*. How? Too long to explain. Let's jump into the middle. This time I was painting the portrait of Thomasina Mix, the cute three-year-old child of the well-known doughty cowboy actor, Tom Mix; and right in the center of the William Fox Studio, too! My dreams coming true! The little girl came to pose for me from time to time until I finished it, before the gaping wonder and admiration of a host of directors, movie stars and all, among whom were John Ford, the great director who made "The Iron Horse," Alice Calhoun who has that wonderful elusive charm of dignity and cajolery, J. Ferrall MacDonald, that drollest of Irish comedians. Did you see him as the gang boss in the "Iron Horse" and how he had his tooth pulled out so comically? If not, the loss is thine! He is, by the way, a very good artist, too.

Afterwards I painted two portraits of Alice Calhoun. I got promises of orders for portraits from John Ford, Jacqueline Logan, Cullen Landis, half a promise from

Laura la Plante. So you see, I have quite some *promising* business.

Naturally, I made most of the opportunities to resume my studies of picture making, the real reason for my coming to Hollywood. Mr. Ford was then completing another great picture, "Lightnin'." Softly, I crawled into his set, very careful not to disturb him or anybody else. Dangerous to do otherwise. Some of the greatest stars were then working. I noticed Jay Hunt, Ethel Clayton, Wallace McDonald, Madge Bellamy—oh, you Madge! called "the most beautiful girl in the United States" by Penhryn Stanlaws, the famous artist. Why he could have said the "whole world" and not stretch the truth. Evidently adulation has never spoiled her. She is the same child without guile just as you see her on the silver sheet. The way she huddled against my side to write on my pad and describe what was going on, went like wine into my head!

On another studio lot, I went through the same experience in another way with Laura la Plante. I always wanted to meet her and May McAvoy; and as luck had it, I met them both! Laura was then playing in "Doubling Cupid" or "Cheating the Cheaters," while May McAvoy was in "Old Dutch." Laura was explaining that she was a shop girl in a ten-cent shop in a poor quarter of New York. She laughed heartily when I told her how I longed to see her while I was at New York and finally met her in California in a New York set.

Let us return to the Fox studio two weeks later. "Lightnin'" was completed; and Mr. Ford was directing "Thank You," when I again met Jacqueline Logan. Were we glad? Surest thing in the world. I won't describe her just now. I shall another time. There I also made friends with Alec B. Francis, George O'Brien whom I consider miles above and ahead of Valentino. Also George Fawcett, the veteran actor of great merit.

Just across the stage they were making "East Lynne," where I renewed friendship with Edmund Lowe and met Lou Tellegan, Alma Rubens and a great many others.

Now let us discuss something else which has been uppermost in my mind for a long time—the chances a deaf man has in breaking into the movies as an actor. About as good as a snowball in a certain warm place—the way we used to think formerly. Now, I am convinced he would have a good show, provided that *the directors should know his language! And this language is so easy to learn!* See Mr. Read. He agreed with me and promised to have me for one of his actors if he should make another picture.

Strange as it may seem, it is true that I never met or heard of a single director who knows this language—an anomaly in the movies which use *pantomime* exclusively—another word for sign language.

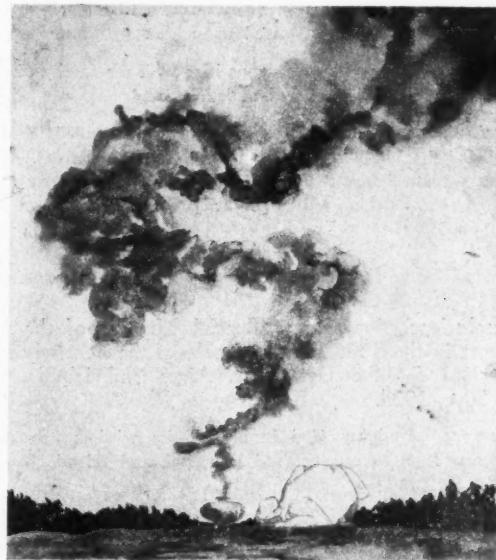
You know the American Indians have their own sign language and use it to "speak" with other tribes. You know, also, that the deaf often hold international conventions where they have not the least difficulty in understanding each other, no matter from what country they come.

Mrs. William C. de Mille witnessed my "singing" in signs the *Marseillaise*; and she was so enraptured with it that she invited me to repeat it before her friends at her home. She promised to have me do it again before another company to which she would invite Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and other celebrities. She is in Europe now but expected home in October. If she won't do it, I propose to get up the party elsewhere. Much good can come from educating these people on the great value of signs in the movies as well as for the deaf. Ignorance of this language is responsible for many ridi-

culous and unpleasant situations in pictures. There the deaf are always impersonated by those who know nothing about them and represented to go through stunts that no deaf person ever does in real life. I can go on indefinitely citing many glaring errors being made right before my eyes in making pictures. But, of course, I cannot breathe a word before I should be recognized as an authority and invited to express my opinion. Some day I shall tell how Thos. H. Ince threw away a story after he had completed it, spending \$50,000 on it, because of my criticism. I could have saved all that money for him if I had read the script before he started on it.

On this subject of using this sign language, I consulted my old friend, the Piute Chief, Thunder Bird. After pondering over it apace, he grunted and made gestures to signify, "Pshaw! Pale face man heap big loco!"

July 30, 1925.



Reproduced from two Water Colors by John M. Stauffer, of Hazelton, Pa.

## Resolutions of Respect

Resolutions adopted at a Special Meeting of the Instructors in the Trades' Department of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, on June 30th, 1925.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from us our beloved Superintendent, friend and advisor, Dr. Albert Louis Edgerton Crouter, and

WHEREAS, We regard it a duty and privilege to record our deep appreciation of his friendly attitude, his ever ready advice and deep appreciation of our work, and his many noble characteristics, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the Instructors in the Industrial Department of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, in meeting assembled on the 30th of June, 1925, sincerely mourn the departure of one who was in every way worthy of the great respect and high esteem bestowed upon him.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased in this their hour of affliction.

*Resolved*, That our heartfelt sympathy be extended to said family and that these resolutions be published in the *Mt. Airy World, the Deaf-Mutes' Journal* and the *SILENT WORKER*.

[Signed] CHARLES A. KEPP  
JENNIE G. DIEHL  
ARTHUR J. GODWIN  
Committee.

Resolutions adopted at a Special Meeting of the Instructors in the Trades' Department of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, on June 30th, 1925.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from us our beloved Principal and friend, Joseph Jackson Baily, and

WHEREAS, We regard it a duty and privilege to record our deep appreciation of his friendly attitude, his unfailing devotion to duty, and many other noble characteristics, therefore be it

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[Signed] CHARLES A. KEPP  
JENNIE G. DIEHL  
ARTHUR J. GODWIN  
Committee.

War debts are hard to collect. All gambling debts are.

Very few women can cuss. They won't listen to their husbands long enough to learn.

New York is the city of opportunity. A man who went there broke owns \$203,005.85 now.

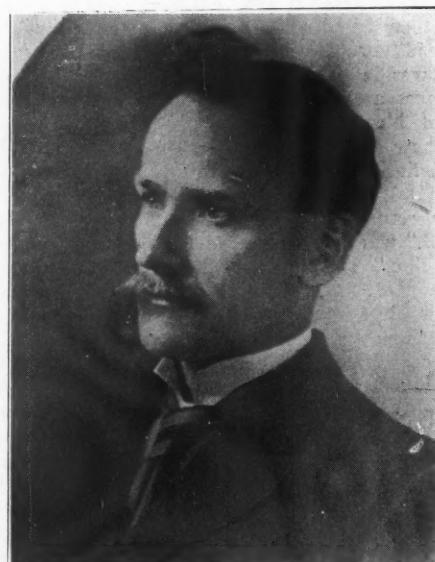
New Yorker was worried about his missing wife, but found her in Jersey safely married again.

## Robert R. Robertson Killed

Robert R. Robertson, of Arlington, N. J., was run down by an automobile and mortally injured near White Horse, in the vicinity of Trenton, early Sunday morning, September 27th. His companion, Miss Clementine Meleg, was also severely injured and is confined in St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, with a broken leg and scalp wound. Mr. Robertson died shortly after his arrival at the hospital from a fractured skull.

Both were walking along the White Horse road after visiting friends in Trenton when the accident occurred. The driver of the death car, John Courtney, 22 years old, was arrested and put in jail.

Mr. Robertson was one of the most prominent men in New Jersey, being an active worker in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the deaf in and around Newark. He was a member of the National Fraternal Society of



ROBERT R. ROBERTSON

the Deaf, the National Association of the Deaf and the New Jersey Society of the Deaf. He was also interested in church work among the deaf, having rendered much valuable service to the Rev. Mr. Kent in his efforts to enlarge his Mission work in Newark.

The deceased was twice married. The first wife died and divorce proceedings were pending for the second. He had hoped to marry Miss Meleg after the divorce had been granted.

Mr. Robertson came from Scotland quite a number of years ago and was considered a very skillful cabinet-maker. At the time of his death he was 49 years old. A daughter 21 years old survives him.

The tragic death of Mr. Robertson and the unfortunate accident which befell Miss Meleg is like the irony of Fate. Both were very happy in the anticipation of their coming marriage. At the request of Mr. Robertson a few friends met at the Porters Saturday night to discuss the attempt in certain quarters to have the automobile law affecting deaf drivers repealed in this year's legislature. The party broke up at a late hour in a happy mood, never dreaming that in less than an hour of departure there would be a tragedy enacted to blight forever the lives of a couple whose future looked so rosy.

## FROM THE OLD WORLD

*An Animal Story: Dangerous*

By MDELLE YVONNE PITROIS



VERY deaf person, I think, is a lover of animals. These "dumb creatures of God" understand us so well, and sympathize so well, in their own silent way, with our lives of perpetual silence! So I hope my American readers will like the story,—absolutely true,—of an humble dog, that proved to be an incomparable friend to deaf people I know perfectly well.

Seven or eight years ago, while the terrible war was raging on at its utmost, two lonely travellers, middle-aged and distinguished, a gentleman and a lady, arrived one day by train in a small country place of Brittany. Their luggage consisted of two small cloak-bags; it was everything they possessed now, everything they had saved out from the fire that had destroyed their cozy house, their lovely set of furniture, the books, pictures, tapestries which made so pretty their sweet home at Rheims! For months and months they had bravely endured the terrible bombardment that, day after day, night after night, crushed the unfortunate city. At last, a bomb had incendied their whole street, they had escaped the most horrible death only by a miracle, they had been huddled by the military authorities in an ambulance full of dead and dying, in Paris they had been taken to a train and shipped to Brittany,—and now they debarked in this unknown village as refugees,—and refugees more lonely, more lost and perplexed than any others, for both were deaf and dumb.

At the mayor's office, after a brief talk by writing, they were sent with a peasant to guide them to the place that had been designated to shelter them. They had to walk a long time, in the wide open country, the endless fields waving in the declining light of the sunset. At last they arrived at a prosperous looking farm, sheltered by gigantic oak trees,—these Briton oak-trees five or six hundred years old, probably the oldest trees without rivals in the world.

At the moment the new comers passed the gate, a common-looking grey and brown dog, rough and wrinkled, decidedly plain, bounded with rage at them, barking frantically to give the alarm. The master of the house appeared at the door to see what happened; the man from the mayor's office exchanged a few words with him, apparently explaining the matter. Then the farmer invited by a sign the two travellers to come in, and introduced them in a large paved room, extremely clean, where a big fire burned in a large fireplace. By other natural gestures, he told them to sit down, to warm themselves. . . . Some women with the picturesque Briton cap, and a few children, grouped here and there in the room, looked curiously at the new comers. Mr. and Madame Fortin,—such was their name,—felt terribly down-hearted, quite strangers in a strange land! If only they could have spoken! If they could have told their tragic adventures, if they could have inspired in their hosts interest and sympathy! How differently they would have been welcomed! But no. . . . they were voiceless, there was no possible bond between them and those about! . . . How lonely! . . . Oh, . . . how lonely! . . .

Shivering with cold, with fatigue and sorrow, Madame Fortin squatted herself in the large chimney-

corner, and suddenly she felt a slight burden resting on her knees; it was the dog's head,—the dog who, a moment ago, had gone his honest dog's duty in barking against them, but who had promptly calmed, and, after having smelled them a moment, seemed quite in friendly disposition towards them! He sat down before Madame Fortin, he licked her head as he wagged his tail, and looked up to the two deaf-mutes with his splendid brown eyes, so expressive, so eloquent! He clearly told to them without words, but with all his animal's soul:—"Poor exiles, poor creatures of Fate! You are like me, —you cannot make yourself understood, you cannot express your pains and sorrows! Oh! be easy! I adopt you,—I will love you, I shall be your friend, your protector, your defender!" And Mr. and Madame Fortin so sad and anxious a little while ago, looked down at the dog,—then looked at each other with a bright, confident smile; they were no longer lonely, they were no longer friendless!

In fact, "Dangerous,"—though for any other stranger, he well deserved his name and was simply savage!—proved to be to the Fortins the most sweet, faithful and tender companion one could imagine. It was a case of love at first sight, probably. He had given his whole heart to these two unknown people, prefered them to all the other inmates of the farm, even to the master who had taken care of him from his birth. He accompanied them everywhere, followed them like their shadows in all their walks.

During the summer season, Mr. and Madame Fortin liked to spend most of their time outdoors. In a pretty little wood where a silvery spring glittered under waving ferns, Mr. Fortin installed his easel and his pictures, for he was, still is, a talented painter; a few years ago, I introduced him to the SILENT WORKER readers by an illustrated sketch entitled "A Deaf Artist of Rheims." His wife settled herself close by him, and took from her bag one of her pretty embroideries, their inseparable. Dangerous laid himself at their feet, stayed for hours perfectly quiet, perfectly happy looking up at them from time to time with an ineffable expression of ecstasy. There was no fear that a tramp or a marauder of the village could have tried to insult or attack "the mutes of Rheims." Surely Dangerous would have torn them to pieces.

On Sundays, the Fortins, being devout Roman Catholics, never failed to attend mass at the village church; they had all the difficulties in the world to prevent Dangerous from entering after them in the peaceful Briton sanctuary. As soon as they came out, they were sure to see their friend patiently waiting for them, sitting in the sun, at the middle of the place. As soon as Dangerous perceived them, he jumped and danced around them in frantic joy, barking so loud that they could feel these sonorous barks, and it was a delight to them in their eternal prison of silence. . . .

Once, Madame Fortin was taken ill. Dangerous stayed some one entered he would go to her bed and time some one entered, he would go to her bed, and lick tenderly the feverish hand lying on the counterpane. What a pleasure the day when she could descend again

downstairs! What a greater merriment still, when they could begin again their walks in peaceful, friendly trio!..

This perfect happiness lasted over one year... Alas! the end of this story is a very sad one, indeed!

One day the Fortins received a letter from one of their relatives who was also a refugee of Rheims in a not very distant town. She invited them to come and live with her. They were terribly lonely at the farm, in spite of the touching love of their dog friend, in spite, too, of the kindness of their hosts, who, seeing the dignity of their daily life, now esteemed them greatly. They decided to accept the offer of their relatives, they were very sorry to leave Dangerous, but they planned that, once settled in their new lodgings, they would return again to fetch him, and would keep him with them always. So they went away, after having, with damp eyes, kissed the shaggy head of the dog, who looked up at them anxiously. Oh! the desesperate anxiety of an aimal left behind, and who does not understand *why*!..

Some weeks afterwards, at last, their affairs being arranged, Mr. Fortin returned to the village to search for the dog,—*his* dog now. He smiled in joyous anticipation of having delivered to them their humble friend. But, what a painful surprise! The yard of the farm is empty, only the farmer came on with outstretched hand. The first greetings exchanged, the artist takes his note book, his pencil, writes rapidly this only word:—"Dangerous?"

"Dead!" answers the peasant in his clumsy handwriting. And seeing the poignant astonishment of Mr. Fortin, he adds with difficulty:—"Dead of a broken heart after your departure. He searched for you all the time and everywhere, refused to eat, to drink, howled all the day and all the night long, became as thin as a lath. One morning, we found him lying on the straw mat at the door of your room. He moved no more, his body was already cold."

Neither Mr. Fortin nor his wife has forgotten poor Dangerous, the comforter of their exile. They told

this story to me,—and among all the stories of animal's devotion and fidelity, I think there is none more touching than the story of Dangerous, the friend faithful till death of two deaf and dumb refugees.

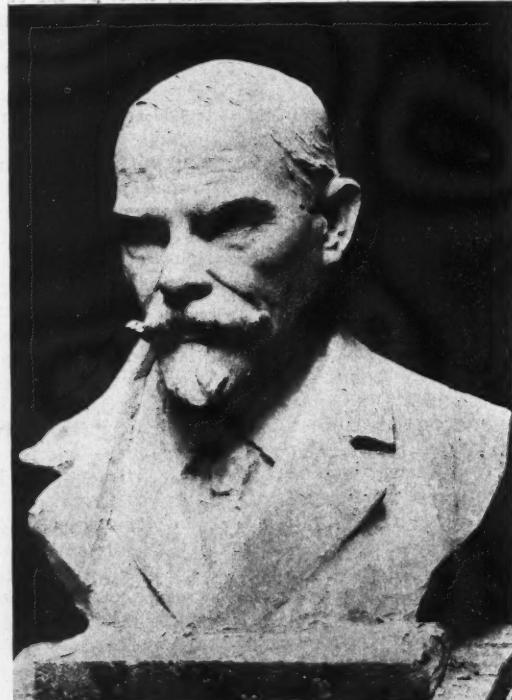
ROYAN, FRANCE.



*Rene Princeteau, painter of dogs*



*Portrait of Sculptor Ebstain*



*Bust of Monsieur Koechlin, by Ebstain, Sculptor*

# The Iowa Convention

By MRS. AUGUSTA K. BARRETT

 HE WRITER during the past summer has been wandering on "Old Friendship Street" in Iowa, and was glad to seize the opportunity of attending the Sixteenth Triennial Convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf, held at the Montrose Hotel, Cedar Rapids, on August 24, 25, 26, and 27.

That the convention would be a success was a foregone conclusion when the enterprising Carl W. Osterberg, of Cedar Rapids, was chosen Chairman of the Local Committee. What then was the dismay of the delegates when they arrived to find him on crutches! He had a fall from a ladder the previous week and was suffering from a sprained ankle and other bruises, but he showed an indomitable spirit and stuck to his post, fortunately having a big and loyal committee of helpers. This report does not intend to follow all the details of the business sessions, but aims to give a general outline of the meetings and social features.

The opening meeting was held in the beautiful Crystal Room of the Montrose Hotel, Monday evening August 24th at 8 o'clock. After reading of the official Call, the Mayor of Cedar Rapids, J. F. Rall, gave the address of welcome. Hon. Charles Manson, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, extended a welcome to the visitors on behalf of the business men of the city, and also spoke of his friendship and associations with Chairman Osterberg. Dr. J. S. Schuyler Long, Principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, responded to the welcome addresses. He congratulated the members of the association on the large attendance on the opening day. He explained the difficulties deaf people have in finding desirable positions and appealed to business men and employers of the deaf to give them an opportunity to succeed.

W. R. Boyd, Chairman of the State Board of Education, spoke on school welfare in Iowa. He praised the school for the deaf at Council Bluffs and encouraged the deaf in their efforts to gain a higher education. Chairman Osterberg presented Matt McCook, Riceville, a gavel, the wood of which came from the staircase in the Hartford, Conn., School for the Deaf, which was the first school for the deaf in the United States, built 108 years ago. Mr. McCook thanked the members for the gift and promised to wield it in the best interest of the deaf. Superintendent E. A. Stevenson, of the School for the Deaf at Faribault, Minn., interpreted the oral addresses to the delegates, and was the official interpreter of the session.

The program concluded with a beautiful sign rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Mrs. A. R. Murdock, of Cedar Rapids, with piano and vocal accompaniment. After the meeting the visitors enjoyed dancing and meeting old friends until midnight.

The convention got down to real work 9:30, Tuesday morning. After the invocation by Rev. Henry Rutherford, of Chicago, and various announcements, the following committee were appointed on resolutions: Tom. L. Anderson, Walter Poshusta, Mrs. A. K. Barrett, Hubert West and John Marty; on necrology, John Staudacher, Mrs. Fred Ward, and E. S. Waring; on enrollment, Miss Evelyn Jung, Len Larsen and Mrs. Lorea Williams.

President McCook announced that Superintendent Elbert A. Gruver, of the Iowa School for the Deaf, has

resigned and would leave in October to take charge of the Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania, School for the Deaf. Supt. Gruver addressed the convention, describing the work being done at the school and telling of some of the improvements and changes made at the school during the six years he has been in charge. He regretted leaving Iowa but felt he could not refuse the summons to take charge of the Mt. Airy School, and carry on the work of the late Dr. Crouter. Mr. Gruver declared that he thought the time was at hand when the I. A. D. should take steps toward acquiring a Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf of the state. He mentioned the pleasure he had in attending three conventions of the Iowans during his incumbency, those held at Fort Dodge, Dubuque and Cedar Rapids. In conclusion, he referred to the splendid spirit of co-operation which existed at the Iowa School between the Superintendent, teachers, and other employees. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Gruver began his career as supervisor of boys at the Mt. Airy School, later becoming a teacher, and now after being superintendent of the Lexington Ave. (New York City), Rome, N. Y., and Iowa Schools he goes back to Mt. Airy as Superintendent.

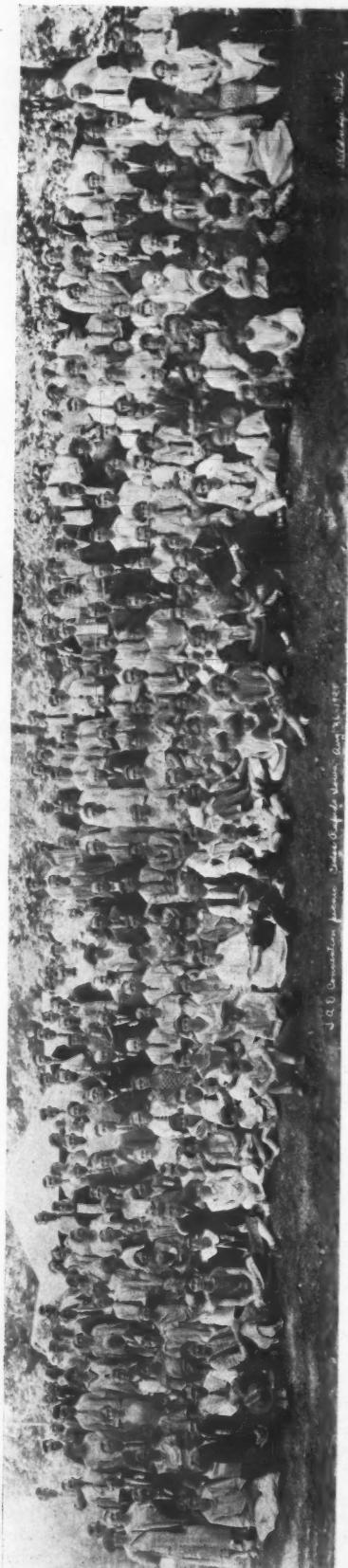
Tom L. Anderson, teacher in charge of the Industrial department of the Iowa School for the Deaf, gave a paper on "Industrial Work for the Deaf", which was discussed by Superintendent Stevenson. Both men are deeply interested in securing better industrial training for the deaf, and the industrial department at the Iowa School has been completely reorganized under Mr. Anderson.

The most important feature of the afternoon session was the address of President McCook. We will quote a part of the address, which opened by urging that the state legislature should establish a welfare Bureau for the deaf. "There has been some discrimination made against employing the deaf," said Mr. McCook, "some concerns consider them as undesirable on account of their deafness. When these folk are in trouble they need help in the form of interpreters. A welfare bureau could aid them in their education, in business, employment, farming, and any other trades followed."

As to a business college for the deaf, I have come to the conclusion that the deaf should understand all the branches of business in addition to their general education, so they can be more useful to our state. The state school at Council Bluffs has nearly every department except a business department, which could be provided for the post-graduates at a reasonable expense, in the school. "Mr. McCook objected to the tendency of the state legislature to raise the age limit for admittance to the Council Bluffs school. We can not quietly see the attempt made each session of the legislature to raise this limit, until there will be no limit and the purpose of the law nullified. We should take a firm stand on the question. "The speaker pointed out how the age limit of 14 years was adopted at the last session, violating the agreement made in conferences a few years ago when it was agreed that 10 years should be the age limit." The state school, he said, "is really the right school where all the children should be educated. It is well graded under a staff of about thirty teachers."

Mr. McCook explained that the Foundation Fund of the Association, a heritage of the old benefit fund started

## THE IOWA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF



Convention Picnic at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, August 26, 1925

in 1902, but created in its present form in 1922, will enable the I. A. D. to carry out the purpose of founding a home for the aged and infirm deaf of the state when it so desires. Contributions were gathered through picnics at Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Redfield, Mason City, Cedar Falls and other cities, and he urged greater activity along this line. Mr. McCook spoke strongly against deaf imposters. "Several of them have credentials through commercial clubs who have believed they were really deaf because of the showing of fake recommendations. Is there any remedy you can find to warn the public? Keep your eyes open and help the officers detect the imposters."

Tuesday evening the visitors were entertained by Moving Picture a showing of five reels of the N. A. D. pictures. This certainly is a good way of spending one of the evenings at a convention, as these pictures are both interesting and educational.

Wednesday was devoted to an all day picnic at Bever Park. Most of the visitors had an auto ride about the city before going to the picnic. Cedar Rapids is one of the finest cities in Iowa, and is popular as a convention city as this is the third time the I. A. D. met there.

At noon a lunch, served in cafeteria style, was sold to the crowd of about 300 delegates. There were plenty of tables and benches around so all could be seated and enjoy the appetizing and substantial lunch prepared by the Local Committee. The supply was ample, which shows they have had experience, and knew about how much to prepare for a crowd. Later in the afternoon there was a good program of games and races, the prizes for these events had been generously donated by Cedar Rapids business men. Rev. Rutherford carried around a pile of *SILENT WORKER* and solicited subscriptions and later donated his commission to the Foundation Fund. Mrs. George L. Crosby, of Cedar Falls had knit a wool lap robe of various colors (for the Foundation Fund) which was now put up at auction, Dr. Long acting as auctioneer. After some spirited bidding it narrowed down into a contest between Mrs. J. S. Long and Tom Anderson, finally going to Mrs. Long at \$17.25. A rooster which someone won in one of the races was next donated to the Fund and also auctioned off, being sold and resold several times. We do not know what finally became of the rooster! So many original ways are being found for swelling the Foundation Fund. We almost forgot to mention the load of watermelons donated by Earl Elder, one of Iowa's prosperous young farmers, and sold late in the afternoon. Before dark all were back at the Montrose Hotel, the convention headquarters. Grand Secretary Gibson, of the N. F. S. D., arrived from Chicago that morning, and the Frats had a meeting that night.

Thursday morning by general consent it was agreed to eliminate the Friday morning business session and condense all the business into Thursday's two sessions, and there was a full house in both the morning and afternoon.

After some miscellaneous business a paper written by Dr. Henry G. Langworthy, of Dubuque, on "The National Building and Loan Association of the Deaf" was read by J. E. Staudacher, also of Dubuque. Dr. Langworthy intended to be present, but had been suddenly called to Chicago. This Building and Loan Association seems organized on much the same lines as those we are familiar with in most all large towns.

The next address was "Shift Your Sails," given by Walter Poshusta, of Mason City. He likened the handicap of deafness to winds which may destroy property or serve useful purposes according to how they are used.

John J. Marty, of the faculty of the Council Bluffs

school, told of the development of athletics at the school. "Dummy Taylor," formerly of the New York Giants, he said, is coach there and is doing a great work. He explained that the pupils only play at athletics, but it helps them physically as well as gives them a way to pass their leisure time.

Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees Foundation Fund, now read a paper on "Homes for the Aged and Infirm Deaf." He said, in part, "We are all looking forward to the foundation of a Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, which will give a place where those people who are isolated in county hospitals, or poor houses may spend their declining years in the society of their own kind." He reported the results of his investigations into similar institutions in other states, including New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. He discussed ways and means of raising a fund for an Iowa Home.

A circular descriptive of the Foundation Fund of the Iowa Association was distributed at the picnic from which we quote the following outline:

"A state community Trust Fund established by the Iowa Association of the Deaf for the educational advancement of the Deaf. All gifts and endowments in a Perpetual Trust Fund under the Iowa State Law regulating trust funds.

#### THE FOUNDATION FUND A MODERN COMMUNITY TRUST

A brief explanation of this form of modern community trust fund for the educational advancement and benefit of the deaf of the state will be of interest.

First—The Foundation Fund offers a distinct and permanently safe place to which anyone desiring to further the welfare of the deaf or help the deaf in any way, may donate a sum of money, either large or small, and feel that the income from that sum will go forward with many others like it, to do its part for the benefit of the deaf themselves.

Second—Through the establishment of the Foundation Fund of this organization, a legally incorporated body in Iowa not organized for pecuniary profit, a member is now more fully warranted than in the past in creating his own individual endowment, within the Foundation Fund as it were, with the positive assurance that his gift will be brought into immediate and real usefulness through the broad powers of the representative Board of Trustees, who act as the committee of administration and expenditure of income for the Association.

Third—The Foundation Fund Plan as adopted will avoid the possibilities of partial failure sometimes seen in cases of either under-endowment or in gifts with fixed or hampering restrictions and covers particularly that condition of constant change in the outlook of the deaf by recognizing that the problem of the deaf man or woman of each decade "can be better solved by the best minds of that decade rather than through the medium of some dead hand of the past."

Fourth—The Foundation Fund, already well started by taking over the old Benefit Fund, is made up of the smaller gifts of many active members and friends from all sections as a truly democratic American community fund for the deaf of the state.

Fifth—Finally the Foundation Fund of the Iowa Association of the Deaf offers the clear opportunity for members of smaller means without descendants or one of large means also, after properly having cared for his own, to thoroughly provide that a small portion of his estate shall remain intact in the Foundation Fund

of the Iowa Association of the Deaf as a memorial trust fund, the income of which assists the permanently carrying on of the splendid educational work of the Association. Subscriptions are requested from everyone interested. Checks should be made out to the Foundation Fund of the Iowa Association of the Deaf and not to any person.

Sixth—When the fund shall have increased to sufficient size, it will enable the Association to carry out the purpose of founding a Home for the aged and infirm deaf of the state, if it so desires.

The foregoing briefly embodies the organization's state community trust fund for the deaf. The fund has been placed by the trustees in the care of the Federal Bank and Trust Company, of Dubuque, Iowa, as the financial secretary and custodian of moneys and securities for the fund, handling all receipts and disbursements under the strict controlling trust laws of the State of Iowa. The income will be used to defray such expenses as are considered proper by the trustees and the entire fund is under full control at all times of the Board of Trustees, elected by the members at the regular meetings.

A great deal of business was rushed through the afternoon session, beginning at 1:30 o'clock and adjourning at 4:10, as the Crystal Room was wanted by the hotel management to arrange the tables for the banquet. A number of contributions and pledges were received for the Foundation Fund. Committee reports then were in order and then the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, J. Schuyler Long; First Vice-President, J. A. Robinson, Des Moines; Second Vice-President, Walter Poshusta, Mason City; Secretary, Carl W. Osterberg, Cedar Rapids; Treasurer, Miss Evelyn Jung, Fort Dodge.

Chairman Osterberg handed in the itemized report of the Local Committee. He stated that the money raised from Labor Day Picnics had been kept in a bank, and this and all that realized from various sources during the convention was now presented to the Foundation Fund by the Local Committee, a sum of over \$400. Secretary Long was nearly prostrated by the surprise of this announcement, but recovered quickly to thank and commend the Committee. Mr. Gibson took the floor to say that in all of his 35 years work among the deaf he had never seen a finer piece of work than this quick settling of accounts and turning in of the cash by a Local Committee.

Selection of the place for the next convention was now in order. Mr. Walter Poshusta spoke in favor of Mason City and Mr. J. E. Staudacher in favor of holding it at the Council Bluffs school, which has not had it since 1910. Being put to a vote Council Bluffs won, the Mason City received quite a number of votes. Adjournment sine die.

The convention wound up with a very pleasant banquet Thursday night. After enjoying a well cooked and well served menu the Impromptu toasts were given, with the versatile Tom Anderson as Toastmaster.

"Our Liberties We Prize; Our Rights We Will Maintain"	President Matt McCook
"Co-operation" .....	Mr. Carl Osterberg
"A woman's Point of View" .....	Miss Evelyn Jung
"I. O. W. A." .....	Mr. Francis P. Gibson
"Home is where the Heart is" .....	Mrs. A. K. Barrett
"Grow with Iowa" .....	Mr. Walter Poshusta
"Foundations" .....	Dr. J. S. Long

It is not stretching the truth at all to say it was the best, biggest, and most brilliant success ever staged by the Iowa deaf, and this of course means it was a great triumph for the Cedar Rapids Local Committee.

# Sir Joshua Reynolds, Portrait Painter

By MARGARET E. JACKSON

 **J**NDOUTEDLY Reynolds is a familiar name to the readers of the *SILENT WORKER*, but I see no reason why he should not be of interest to them. Aside from the mere fact that he was a renowned deaf artist of the eighteenth century, his life was quite eventful and fascinating. He not only became a leading figure of the art world of his time, but also gained footing in the fashionable set of London that other artists of that time, such as Gainsborough and Romney, could not ever enjoy as equally as he did. Moreover, had there been no Reynolds, there might not have been any Royal Academy—the Institution, which in its earliest days was greatly indebted to the painter, who ruled it in an almost untroubled atmosphere from the time he was elected its President to his death.

Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton Earl, in Devonshire, England, July 16, 1723. His father, clergyman and master of the free grammar school, decided that young Joshua should be trained for medical profession. However, at a very early age an aptitude for art was manifested in the lad. It is said that Joshua declared, "I will be a painter, if you will give me the chance of being one." And he determined that he would be one.

Accordingly Joshua was sent to London to serve a two year apprenticeship under Thomas Hudson, a mediocre artist and a native of Devonshire. Before two years ended, Reynolds rebelled against the monotony of learning the technicallities of the craft and quarrelled with his master. He returned to Plympton, and upon his father's death he continued to live there uneventfully until one day when Captain Keppel appeared to play an important part in the artist's career.

Keppel, appointed by George III to the command of the Mediterranean squadron on a cruise to negotiate duties with the dey of Algiers, invited Reynolds to accompany him in his own ship. The painter, whose ardent desire to visit Italy had moved Keppel, eagerly accepted. For a while he resided at Port Mahon as the guest of the Governor of Minorca, whiling away the time by painting portraits of the principal inhabitants.

On his return with Captain Keppel, Reynolds made his way to Italy where he divided his time between Rome, Venice and Florence, for more than two years. There he availed himself of realizing his cherished ambitions to study and compare the works of the old masters, Michaelangelo, Titian, and Raphael. The dignity and imagination of Michaelangelo so deeply impressed Reynolds that the latter was unfailingly inspired by the old master in his works throughout life. From Titian he acquired riches and splendor of color, qualities frequently traced in his paintings.

While working in the corridors of the Vatican in Rome, Reynolds contracted a severe cold that afflicted him with deafness for the rest of his life. But this handicap did not in the least hinder the artist in his work, though Reynolds necessarily resorted to using an ear trumpet in conversation.

Upon his return to England, Reynolds established a residence in Leidene in London where he continued to wield his brush for many years. Soon through the influence of his friend, Keppel, his studio was flooded

with the wealth and fashion of the capital with women who "wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wished to appear as heroes and philosophers." Commissions to execute the portraits of the Dutchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Coventry, and Keppel, were sufficient to guarantee prosperity for the young artist.

Reynolds was a true country gentleman whose pleasant urbanity of manner won for him many friends, among whom were Dr. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith and Garrick. He loved to shoot and hunt in the best sporting circles. He always kept open houses to his friends. He was famous for his dinners where a company of distinguished artists and literary men gathered for brilliant discourses. His circle of friends so increased that he decided that whoever came first were first served. Here at the table he forbid gossip of any ill-nature. It is said that whenever such gossip was being whispered to Reynolds, the painter immediately drew down his trumpet, leaving his confidante talking the rest to the air.

Although Reynolds had gained the entree into the fashionable society of London, success and position did not turn away his head. The painter was exceedingly industrious and punctual. He is said to have painted more than 3,000 pictures. Up to the time of being President of the Royal Academy he completed from three to four pictures per week. He never irregulated his daily routine. He arose at seven, broke his fast at eight, and entered his studio at nine, never to be interrupted until five. At the stroke of five, he put aside his brush, ready to greet his friends at the dinner table. He never married, contenting himself with his art.

By the time Reynolds was President of the Royal Academy, the number of pictures to paint was reduced to sixty or seventy a year. Henceforward he increased the number of his clubs, enlarged his dining circle, and became more and more aloof from the turmoil that was going on in art circles of the less successful men around him. He was earning a larger income than did any of his contemporaries; consequently he held his ground very comfortably.

In 1760, when Reynolds was attaining the zenith of his fame, an art exhibition was held in London. It drew so great an attention that it became an annual institution. This Society of Artists soon blossomed out into the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain. A list of two hundred and eleven members, including Joshua Reynolds was published. But this foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768. As this organization did not exist long, for friction, caused by jealousy among the members, sprung out and led to the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768. At this time Reynolds was abroad and apparently had taken no part in this intrigue, but he was named for President of the academy. This office he accepted and exercised until his death.

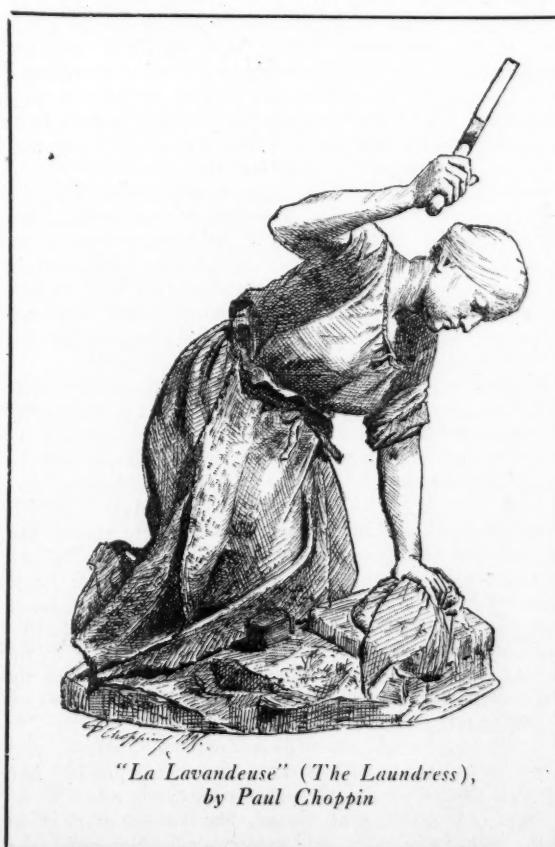
In 1769, Reynolds was knighted by George III in recognition of his services for the Royal Academy. In the same year, Oxford University de honoris causa conferred a degree of the Doctor of Civil Law upon him. In 1773, Reynolds was elected Mayor of Plymton.

Suddenly, in 1789, Reynolds' activity was waning.

Blindness in one eye caused the painter to lay his brush aside forever. However, Reynolds, with his courage that never failed him, calmly prepared to face the last day of his life. Shortly before his death, he delivered his final address to students at the Royal Academy, over and over again laying stress on Michaelangelo. He died at the age of sixty years.

Reynolds' pictures are admirably represented in realism; nature endowed the painter with a rare talent in art, combined with keen judgment and common sense that could not be waved aside by emotion or passion. His men are strong in character and action; his women are gentle and attractive. And Reynolds had a wonderful capacity for synthesis and analysis and something akin to the skilled physician's gift of diagnosis. Among his most noted pictures are "The Infant Hercules," which he executed for Catherine, Empress of Russia, "The Duchess of Devonshire and Her Baby," the "Angels' Heads," the "Age of Innocence," and "The Tragic Muse" showing the famous actress Mrs. Siddons, seated on the throne as the queen of tragedy.

Reynolds' only fault in portrait painting was that the artist had not learned the secret of permanent coloring so that some of his brilliant glazes are beginning to fade from the distressed owners of the pictures. Undoubtedly, Reynolds was so absorbed in his success that he had no time for the question of the chemistry of pigments. Sir Walter Armstrong, the painter's most trenchant critic, speaks of his works, "Speaking roughly, Sir Joshua's early pictures darken, the works of his middle period fade, those of his late maturity crack. The productions of his first youth and of his old age stand best of all.



## De l'Epee Memorial Statue Committee

### REPORT No. 44

Reported, April 7, 1925 .....	\$6,122.49
Through S. Frankenheim, N. Y. ....	17.50
Through H. L. Stafford, Duluth .....	4.25
Net income from investments .....	248.43
<hr/>	
Total Fund .....	\$6,392.49

### COLLECTORS

Sol D. Weil, Buffalo .....	2.00
Samuel Sutter, Milwaukee .....	5.00
F. M. Kaufman, Flint .....	4.25
F. W. Hoppaugh, Newark, N. J. .	4.00
Frank Kusiak, Chicopee Falls ..	3.25
P. J. Gobel, Buffalo .....	3.25

### CONTRIBUTOR

Milwaukee Division No. 17, N. F. S. D.	5.00
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### MEMBER'S DUES

#### Patrons, \$1.00 each

F. W. Hoppaugh, N. J.; Albert E. Dirkes, N. J.; Joseph Gagnon, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Gobel, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. William Baus, N. Y.; Robert Watts, N. Y.; William E. Haenszel, N. Y.; Mrs. J. T. Stewart, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Rozbroil, Mich.

#### Members, 50 cents each

Alfred W. Shaw, N. J.; Edward Bradley, N. J.; Thos. McMahon, N. J.; Chas. E. Quigley, N. J.; Arno Klopfer, Mass.; Anaclet L. Mercier, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stuttmuller, N. Y.

#### Contributors, 25 cents each

Valentine Tolpa, Mass.; Anthony Przybyla, Mass.; George O'Brien, Mass.; Joseph E. Kremer, Mass.; William O'Brien, N. Y.; Mrs. Jacob Staffings, N. Y.; Persie B. Foster, N. Y.; Catharine La Clear, Mich.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,  
Treasurer

Sept. 18, 1925.  
18 West 107th, N. Y. City.

## Resolutions

WHEREAS, The members of New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society, Inc., have learned with sincere sorrow of the death of their beloved brother and member, be it

*Resolved*, That is his death this Society has lost an earnest and devoted member and an efficient worker in the enlargement of its patriotic principles.

*Resolved*, That while we bow to the Will of the Most High who doeth all things well, yet nonetheless do we mourn most sincerely the loss from earthly companionship, a true friend and man.

*Resolved*, That we extend to his family our sorrow and sympathy in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these Resolutions be spread on the records of New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society and a copy each be sent to the family of the deceased, the SILENT WORKER, and the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

#### Resolution Committee:

EDWARD BRADLEY, Chairman

ALFRED SHAW, President

ISAAC LOWE, Vice-President

H. C. BRENDALL, Secretary

A. L. THOMAS, Chairman Board of Directors

T. McMAHON, Financial Secretary

## HEALED BY FAITH

By J. H. MUELLER

**H**UMAN credulity is a queer thing. Ever since the beginning of things, there have been persons taking advantage of others' misfortunes and credulity to reap in a harvest of shackles, wherewith to buy a country home and retire from "work" and act the gentleman. A very easy game when properly played, and it generally is, since the dealer plays his cards the way they should be played.

Early the past spring, a gentleman by the name of Sproul, claiming to be a voter of Pittsburgh, Pa., sent an advance agent to Louisville, announcing his intentions of erecting a temple within 24 hours, and the ridding the city of all its sick, diseased, crippled, deaf, blind, and whatnot. Of course, such a sweeping statement called for some substantiating evidence, which was tendered in the form of newspaper clippings from other cities. The deaf restored to hearing. The blind made to see. The paralytic made to walk. Epileptics made normal. Idiots given intellects of prodigies. So on, so forth, *ad infinitum, ad libitum, ad nauseam*.

The appointed day came. And so did the miracle man. One thousand and five hundred pairs of hands had been drafted to perform the building miracle. Within twenty-four hours the temple was up, O K'd by the building inspectors and christened "Glory Barn." And the next day, the button was pressed, and the show was on in full blast.

It seems, from what we have been able to glean from the press reports, and from what our friends who attended told us, that Mr. Sproul served in the world war. It also appears that he was a mute, unable to utter a sound. One night, while doing some sort of sentry duty, he had a vision. The next day, he found he could speak as well as Black Jack Pershing. He had also been troubled from infancy with some sort of stomach trouble. His miraculous cure of muteism caused him to ponder, was it not possible for him to be cured of his stomach disorders? If his speech would be restored him, why not his digestive apparatus? Indeed, why not? He willed it that he should have another vision, by which he would be cured. And as he willed it, so it came to pass.

Nor was this all. A third vision informed him that he was chosen to do wonderful work among those afflicted in the same manner he had been. As soon as the war was over, he laid his credentials, whatever they may have been, before the proper authorities, whoever they may have been, and was duly invested with the title of Reverend, with authority to go forth, spring his spiel, perform such miracles as he could,—and pocket the change.

Ask me not, gentle reader, how come a man sans speech could pass the rigid army tests. Probably the same vision that came to him later on first came to the gentleman charged with making the world safe for democracy. Ask me not, either, to delve into other mysteries connected with his transformation from a sickly individual into a miracle performing evangelist. I am merely stating what the papers quoted him as having said at the Barn, and that's all I will vouch for.

Well, the advertising given Mr. Sproul was quite liberal. Crowds came to witness his stunts, crowds that grew larger every performance. To those who asked to be cured of various ailments, he bade be of good cheer, the prime requisite was faith, and that did not

come all of a sudden. Several days of exhortation elapsed, and then the first cure was performed. A woman who had been afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years was rid of it. A man who had not been able to eat a piece of pie for forty years was given new digestive outfit, and he celebrated his restoration by eating a large pie, the kind mother may have made, and did not suffer the least bit of inconvenience. A woman who had not been able to walk for fifteen years was anointed, and performed a jig. And so it went.

We have seen divine healers come and go, and feel we know a few things of the game. So when we were asked by our deaf friends to go and have our bald dome anointed, our hearing restored, and run for mayor, we replied that we would wait and let George get his hearing back before we allowed any messy stuff to be poured on our hat rack.

The next day, there was an account in the papers, "Deaf-Mute has his hearing restored at Glory Barn." The name was unfamiliar to us, and we thought we had a list of every deaf man, woman and child in the country. Investigations showed that the cured individual was a hard of hearing machinist, hard of hearing at his shop, a condition which we believe to be chronic with even the sharpest hearing men.

But when a few days later names were mentioned which we really knew, we began to sit up and take notice. Here is what we found out after a careful investigation:

Case No. 1: The man had always been able to hear slightly in one ear, his defect was sufficient to admit him to the Kentucky School at Danville. At first he said that the only improvement was immediately after his ear had been massaged, and the relief was only temporary. Twenty-four hours after his anointment and massage; his hearing was back to normal, meaning what it had been before he took the cure.

Case No. 2: The man was a sort of oralist—he could understand the lip movement of the healer, and gave back the correct answer. We asked him if he could *hear*. Yes, he could. It did not take long, though, to get him to own up that he could always hear sounds, though as to distinguishing one spoken word from another, to such degree as to be able to carry on an oral conversation, there was nothing doing.

Case No. 3: The woman denied flatly that she had been given any relief at all. After the customary anointment and massage, some question was put to her, and not knowing what it was, she simply nodded her head, and another miracle had been performed.

Case No. 4: The man attended school at Danville for some years, and according to his frequent statements, he quit because his hearing was coming back of its own accord. Such cases are by no means rare,—we know of several such that attended our own school at Columbus. We daresay, there is not a school in the U. S. that cannot name a number of them. Well, to come to the subject proper, this particular individual laughed at the suggestion that any relief had come from the olive oil ministration.

Case No. 5: A married woman who was a very good lip reader submitted to the anointing process. Mr. Sproul asked her, "Can you understand what I am saying?" Get this point, please. She was not asked if she could *hear*, but if she could *understand*. Naturally, she

gave an affirmative answer. "Glory, glory, glory, hallelujah." The lady vociferously denied that she could hear the least bit, but all she got for denial was a quite rude escort to the step that led off the platform.

**Case No. 6:** A lad who had been deaf from infancy, who had not been able to make any headway in his oral work, and finally he had to give it up as a bad job. Maybe it was the teachers, but I have no information on the subject. And when the lad was unable to answer the stock questions, he was held up as being lacking in faith. And if there is a person who had a stronger faith in the Deity than this chap, we would like to meet him. Branded publicly as being a man with little faith may have suited Mr. Sproul's ends, but it did the deaf man no good. Since that night, he has not been seen around his usual haunts, his spirit seems broken. And all that his better informed friends tell him seems of no use, he is "lacking in faith." Brings to mind the incidents of the young college student who had been told that unless he was willing to subscribe to the tennets of a certain creed, he was morally unsound. He ran away and blew out his brains.

We carried our investigations a bit further. And in every case, the story was the same. But the prize part of this story is yet to be told. We do not vouch for its verity, though our informant is quite emphatic on the subject. Mrs. X, sister-in-law of our informant, had attended revivals of this healer's down in Florida not long before he came to Louisville. Out of curiosity, she went to the Barn, to see how the act was carrying on. One cripple who was anointed and massaged, who discarded his crutches on the platform and walked off with a hop, skip and jump, had gone through the same rite down in Florida!

Acting upon these discoveries, we wrote a long statement for the press, denouncing the whole thing as a fake, sent the statement with a personal letter to each of the owners of the Louisville papers, asking that they personally see to it that the statement be published in their papers. At the same time, we wrote to the mayor of Louisville, asking that he uses his good offices in having the thing pressed to a finish.

In the statement, among other things, we offered to furnish Dr. Sproul with ten subjects who would find their restored hearing a boon of far greater value than words could tell. We offered him more money than his wildest dreams of avarice ever brought to him. We figured that there were at least two thousand deaf men and women who would be willing to pay \$500 for their restored hearing. We offered to advertise his cures in all deaf papers in the world, at no cost whatever to him. The papers, for some reasons or other, declined to publish the articles, and Mr. Sproul left Louisville a week later with a nice bank roll.

We met some of the cured men a week before the meeting of Louisville Division, N. F. S. D. Two of them still insisted they had had their hearing restored. We offered them felicitations, and suggested they write their resignations as members of the N. F. S. D. "What for?" We explained that the society was for deaf men only, if their hearing was restored, they were eligible for membership in the Masons, Knights of Columbus, or the A. O. B. A., or whatever it is, that Marcus Kenner told us was the leading organization of the Hebrews in the world. Man No. 1 resigned from his position that he could hear, saying that he could hear sounds, but could not tell the boom of a bass drum from the rumble of a five ton truck. Frat No. 2 said he acknowledged having been restored only to get his name in the papers. Told them to come across clean or be impeached for

fibbing, which impeachment carried with it the penalty of being kicked out of the society. Better resign whilst the resigning was healthy. They offered to go before notaries and swear to the truth of it that their hearing was no better after the oiling than it had been before.

This gentleman of healing powers had a date in the Central West for the summer. It is to be hoped that none of the deaf of whatever place is honored with his ministrations will fall for what we told the press was simon pure unadulterated BUNK.

-x-

One of the good men who took interest in these cures, who tried to prevail upon us to go and be anointed, and was quite shocked at the way we condemned Sproul's cures, quoted Scripture to us, wherein faith was able to do all sorts of miracles. He has a strong belief in the power of mind over matter. We acknowledged that there was much in that doctrine, but at the same time when Nature decided to take from us certain powers all the healers' spoutings and all the healers' amens couldn't put our shortcomings together again. And that's that.

Mr. Y., father of one of those "restored" lads, vouched for the fact that his boy was able to hear the telephone bell ring. "What of it, we made bold to fire back, couldn't the lad hear that much before he went on that wild goose chase?" And Papa grinned a bit sheepishly, and said, "You win."

Well, old Peter Barnum knew what he was talking about, when he uttered his aphorism about the birth of suckers.

History doesn't report itself. It stutters that's all.

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Warren, fifteen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Carmine Pace, of Newark, N. J.

# Address of George M. McClure

*Delivered at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Central New York  
Institution for the Deaf June 12*



COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON had a story of a Kentuckian who went out one evening with a party of acquaintances picked up at a convention. Describing his experiences later to a friend, he said: "We had a gay time—Me and another elegant gentleman from Kentucky, a gentlemen from Virginia, a man from Ohio, a fellow from New York, and a son-of-a-gun from Boston." I don't know much about Boston, but I feel that I must move up the "fellow" from New York into Class 1, for I have discovered since my arrival that here the hand-clasp is quite as warm, while the bread and salt could not be proffered more gracefully under southern skies.

We learn from the Scriptures that when the Lord would bless a good woman he makes her to be the joyful mother of children,—children who are a source of pride and happiness to her. And as I look around on this honorable assembly I feel that your alma mater has, indeed, good reason to rejoice in her big family. I count it a great honor to stand before this gathering of citizens of the state of New York and voice their pride in the achievements of a great school, and their gratitude for benefits received while students in its halls. All Americans are proud of your state. "Soap-box" orators may declaim against the wickedness of New York and the "interests," blaming every evil from which the body politic suffers on Wall street, and secure a sympathetic hearing from the masses, but deep down in the heart of Yankee, Southerner and Westerner alike, is the feeling of national pride in this commonwealth. We are proud of her scenic beauty, of her great cities, her place in the world of commerce, finance, letters and art. The charge is sometimes heard that New York wears her patriotism lightly,—that there is not here the intense national spirit or reverence for the flag and the principals for which it stands as is to be found in less cosmopolitan communities. But the record shows that in every crisis of our existence as a nation the

great Empire State has risen grandly to the duty of the hour and taken the lead in serving and saving our land. And the deaf of this state are indeed fortunate in the splendid provision, probably the most extensive and liberal in this or any other country, that is made for their education here and at other points in the state.

## Debt to Alma Mater

It is good that on this golden anniversary you should come back to acknowledge the debt you owe to your alma mater, and bid her Godspeed in the second half-century on which she is entering. It is fitting, too, that the men and women to whose vision and courage the school owes its inception, and its present prosperity, should be remembered. Pioneer days have ever been hard ones; the settlers who blazed the westward trails lived hard, and loneliness, privation and danger were their portion; and leaders in new lines of endeavor must overcome obstacles that those who come after them little realize. But handicaps are usually blessings in disguise. I doubt not but that many of the sons and daughters who have conferred most honor on this school were students during the period when material advantages were few.

The annals of the profession of teaching the deaf is rich in great names; we do not and can not forget our debt to the Gallaudets, to that great French-American teacher, Clerc, to Jacobs, the Peets, Gillet, Noyes, Wilkinson, Kerr, Nelson, Miss Rogers, Johnson, Walker and others of the Old Guard, nor to Argo, Fay, Dobyns, Connor, Tate, Dudley, Draper, Hotchkiss of a later period. All are gone, but the memory of their achievements lives enshrined in the hearts of the Deaf. They left worthy successors who are carrying on the great work faithfully and efficiently. It is a far cry from the vantage point of today back to Gallaudet's little school at Hartford. Starting as a work of private charity, the education of the deaf has won a place as a part of the public school system of the state;

**C**OLONEL GEORGE M. MCCLURE is a member of a distinguished family of the "Blue Grass" State, the state noted for beautiful women, gallant men and fast horses.

Losing his hearing at the age of twelve, he was transferred from a hearing school to the State School for the Deaf at Danville, where he made a most enviable record as a student, taking high school and college courses under the late Dr. Argo.

Colonel McClure is a teacher of mathematics in all the advanced classes of the Kentucky School.

For his mastery of the English Language and for the high record of achievement he made in behalf of his alma mater and for his constant application as a student, especially of literature, Colonel McClure was honored with the degree of Master of Arts from Gallaudet College, the National College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C.

Among his other achievements have been his editorials for the "Kentucky Standard," the school paper of the School for the Deaf, and a member of a well known "Little Paper Family." In this field Colonel McClure is conceded to have no superior among the little paper editorials.

There is a small coterie of deaf men—educators and writers—in the United States, of which Colonel McClure is one; I have reference to Dr. J. L. Smith of Minnesota, Dr. J. S. Long, of Iowa and Dr. Fox, of Fanwood.

He has been a teacher in the Kentucky School for forty-five years, and is greatly beloved and respected by all the deaf of his native state.

Among the many pleasures this fiftieth anniversary celebration will bring to me, none will exceed in the one that I have now of honoring this occasion, when I present Colonel George M. McClure of the Kentucky School for the Deaf.—Robert G. Mayershofer, Chairman of the Anniversary Committee.

restrictions as to length of time allowed, of "pay" and "indigent" pupils have been swept away, training in speech, industrial training, cultural features, athletic training have been added, compulsory education laws make it difficult for ignorant or selfish parents to deprive the child of his birthright, training schools for teachers insure a higher standard of efficiency, while the financial support by the state has become uniformly liberal. The present year has witnessed a survey, sponsored by one of the great educational foundations, the purpose of which is to prepare the way for standardizing the work among the deaf, as is done among the schools and colleges for the hearing.

#### Inspiring Leaders

The early teachers were men who were careless of personal ease, wealth or position. Many of them might rightfully have aspired to leadership in the world of affairs, but were content to guide the halting steps of little feet in the elementary stages of their education. What was it that attracted them, and what the secret of the hold the work obtained on them? It must be that when the Lord chooses His instruments, as He chose Moses, Paul, Washington, Lincoln, he inspired them with a willingness to sacrifice self on the altar of Service.

So nigh is grandeur to your dust—  
So near is God to man.  
When duty whispers low, "Thou must?"  
The youth replies, "I can."

"Practical men" who value showy material success sometimes find it hard to understand why the man who, gifted with talents that might claim riches and power, deliberately chooses a career brings neither. But what Dr. Charles Eliot speaks of as "the durable satisfactions of the life" are born, not of material things but of the things of the spirit. Perhaps with loftier vision they would see that the seemingly barren fields are after all the broad, fair fields of God, where the harvest is not for a day, but for eternity.

Schools for the deaf may rightfully claim the value of their work to society should not be measured solely in terms of dollars and cents. Nevertheless they are not absolved from meeting the challenge of the tight-fisted old farmer being shown over a fine new building at one of the schools, "Yes, it's mighty nice for the dummies, but purty hard on us taxpayers." His point of view was that the education of the deaf is a charity; you must show him, and others who believe as he did, that education for the deaf is an investment, precisely as it is for the hearing. The deaf resent the characterization of their schools as charitable institutions and with good reasons provided they have paid back to the state in good citizenship and productive labor the money spent on their education. For it is true that he who accepts benefits and makes no return therefor, accepts charity. Always pay! There is a class of people who are constantly trying to get "something for nothing," but eventually they pay in some form, and he pays dear who pays with his self-respect or the respect of his fellows; as Emerson says, "The highest price a man can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

#### A Debt of Honor

There is a fine old story that relates how Charles James Fox who was very careless in money mat-

ters, was one morning counting some money when a tradesman to whom he had long owed a debt came in and seeing the money demanded settlement. Fox told him that the money was for Sheridan, a debt of honor which must be paid before all others, for Sheridan had nothing to show for it. "Then," said the tradesman, "I make your debt to me one of honor," and tearing up Fox's note he scattered the pieces on the floor. Fox handed over the money, saying that Sheridan must wait, as the tradesman's account was of longer standing. An education at public expense is a debt of honor, infinitely more binding upon men and women of right principles than one secured by a mortgage. You owe such a debt to your alma mater. She has no paper from you setting forth a promise to pay, but you are morally bound; she stands sponsor for you before the world, and if you default she shares the blame in the public mind. An honest man pays his debt, and does so without questioning whether they are collectible in court of law or not.

During the World War the United States loaned immense sums to number of other nations. When the war was over a few of these arranged promptly to begin repayment, but some of the others have, apparently, been trying to dodge. These are discovering that with nations as with individuals, honesty is the best policy; the buying power of the currency of the nations that have shown a firm purpose to meet their obligations is steadily growing, while every manifestation of a desire to evade or delay payment, if possible, has weakened the nation concerned, both at home and abroad.

The deaf man is handicapped, to some extent, in the battle for bread. His deafness cuts him off from many of the better paid lines of effort. There is a temptation here for weaklings to shirk the fight, excusing themselves on the plea of the odds against them. But odds are a challenge to a man of the right sort, spurring him on to put heart, soul and will into the contest. The census for the last three decades shows that there is little difference in the percentage of the deaf and the hearing who are gainfully employed. All over the land the graduates of schools for the deaf have taken their places in the ranks of the workers, and are making good.

#### Society Long Wasteful

Society long was wasteful of its human material—there was room only for Nature's fortunate children, the physically and mentally normal. It did not trouble itself to train the handicapped. It is still wasteful, to some extent, but is learning that the teachings of humanity are, after all, but the teachings of self interest. There are few agencies fostered by the state that are doing a more useful work or making a better return on the investment than the schools for the deaf, and this body of deaf people, converted from a liability into an asset, is living proof that the bread cast upon the waters in the past has returned to honor and enrich the state.

The best currency in which you can pay the debt to your alma mater is in loyalty. There ought to be, and usually is, nothing but cordial friendship and co-operation between the school administration and the alumni association. The members of the latter should have a care how they attempt to "put in their oar" in the school's affairs; with the best intentions in the world they are apt to do more harm than good to the interests of both the school and the deaf. As long as the school efficiently performs

its works it should be allowed to carry out its plan in its own way. Of course those at the head of the school should always be ready to listen to constructive criticism from its graduates, but this is usually best given in the private capacity of the members. You are fortunate in the present head of your old school; I have known him through many years as an educator of broad views and wide sympathies, loved and trusted by the deaf and respected by his co-workers. Give to the school unstinted support,—such loyalty as the Highlander gave his chief; you owe it to your alma mater for the sake of what she did for you in the days of lang syne.

You have come back to the old school where in the golden years you planned your future; does the vision you carried away with you still abide? It may be that you have not realized your dream—few people do, but if you have been true to your ideals, done the best that lies within you, and have not whimpered in defeat you are a success. Sometimes, in missing the prize we seek, we gain something infinitely finer and better..

#### Ideals Give Courage

Columbus sailed in search of Cathay; he did not reach the land he set out to find, but he made a discovery that has meant more to mankind than would the realization of his purpose. Our ideals give us strength and courage to keep up the fight; when they fade the shadows of defeat begin to close about us, and life has lost its savor.

James Lick, who built the great observatory that bears his name, on the top of Mt. Hamilton, California, started life with an ideal. As a youth he loved the daughter of a miller, back in Pennsylvania, but her father rejected his suit because of Lick's poverty. The latter left home vowing that he would some day build a better mill than the father's. Throughout his life the purpose was ever present with him, and at last when he was a gray haired man he built, at San Jose, California, the mill of his dream. And such a mill—of the costliest woods and other material brought from the ends of the earth! His was, at outset, an unlovely character, but in the end his dream saved him, and made of him a benefactor of mankind.

Mothers are always glad to see their children. Even the black sheep of the family finds forgiveness and excuse for his misdeeds from mother when he comes back home, while it is the joy of life to welcome the ones who come with the story of deserved success. And your alma mater is not indifferent to the struggle required; her heart and her prayers are with her old boys and girls whether the story is victory or defeat.

I join with you in felicitations to your alma mater on this happy anniversary. She has had a useful and honorable past, but I doubt not "the best is yet to be." Growth is the law of life, and I foresee larger usefulness and still greater achievements for her in the years to come. It may be that the time will come when through some discovery of science, schools of this character are no longer needed, but until that day comes, if it ever does, the hearts of the deaf trained here will continue to turn fondly to their alma mater, and they will rise up as we do today, and call her blessed.

Love is heart trouble, the only cure being matrimony.



CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF, ROME, N. Y. FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY JUNE 11-15, 1925. SCHOOL OFFICIALS, GUESTS, AND COMMITTEE IN CHARGE. Seated—Left to right: Geo. S. Stewart, President; O. A. Betts, Principal; Hon. F. L. Martin, Mayor of Rome; Jas. P. Oinely, Member Board of Trustees; A. C. Kessinger, President of the Board of Trustees; Col. G. M. McClure, who delivered address; E. P. Clark, former principal, Rev. Herbert C. Merrill; Robert G. Mayerhofer, Chairman Anniversary Committee. Standing—left to right: Member of Anniversary Committee; Col. R. Lewis, G. Dwyer Hughes, Mesdames Richard McCabe, Walter E. Wright, Annie S. Lashbrook, James L. Lynch, Grace M. Wasse, John H. Thomas and Carl G. Ayling.

## APHORISMS

BY THE "HERMIT OF OLYPHANT"

Only the wise derive any benefit from the experience of others. Fools then are a plenty who fancy themselves better and shrewder than those who have "bucked the game"—and lost!

\* \* \*

Book learning has its place in life, but the education of experience is more helpful. Many a graduate of the "college of hard knocks" gets farther in this world than those who hold the diplomas of universities.

\* \* \*

Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself; talent instantly recognizes genius.

\* \* \*

Unwelcome truths are not popular; self-esteem, self-interest, and self-deceit brook no criticism.

\* \* \*

Many people are so blinded by prejudice that they cannot see any fact which makes against them, be it ever so clear.

\* \* \*

Education never ends. It is a series of lessons with the greatest lesson for the last.

\* \* \*

If we are really worth anything in this life, the time always comes when we must prove it.

\* \* \*

We are what our minds make us: *wrong* if directed in wrong channels; *right* if directed in right channels.

\* \* \*

The present generation of young people has acquired a taste for dress, style, luxuries and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for genteel character and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young "gentry" thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulks sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.

\* \* \*

Paracelsus, the famous scholastic of Germany, says in his *Paragranum*, "I have not been ashamed to learn that which seemed useful to me even from vagabonds and hangmen. We should look for knowledge when we expect to find it."

\* \* \*

"Respectability," in its best sense, is good; but the respectability that consists in merely "Keeping up appearance" is not worth looking at in any sense. A well stand and balanced mind, a life of useful purpose, alone make for *true* respectability.

\* \* \*

Suspicion is the diversion of an empty mind.

\* \* \*

Then are some pretty stiff grades on Fool Hill and a good many people have had and are having hard climbing.

\* \* \*

The home is the crystal of society. Public opinion generally grows out from the homes of the peoples; the best philanthropy comes from the fireside. "To love the little platoon we belong to in society," says Burke, "is the germ of all public affection."

\* \* \*

Novels may have their proper place in our reading, but most of the so-called "Fiction" of the present day is nothing more than the garbage of literature. The pictures of human life it presents are preposterous, in many cases pernicious—too often they prevent or destroy sound and healthy feeling; character loses its strength and sensibilities their vital spring.

Any propaganda that is not aimed at the lifting of burdens, at the healing of wounds, at the increase of human liberty, at the enlightening of minds,—in short, the fullest service to mankind—will fail.

\* \* \*

After all that is said and done, the final analysis proves that one cannot build strongly on a poor foundation.

To be effective practically, it is necessary that our desires should have definite form and be directed to specific ends.

\* \* \*

We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character, than to raise one.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

\* \* \*

When we elect to take the benefits of any act or policy we must be prepared to accept any unfavorable consequences thereof.

## Addenda:

The following epigram is taken from Oscar Wilde's "Epistola: in *Caevcre et Vinculis*"—A Letter: in Prison and Fetters—now first published in full as a German translation—parts of which were formerly published under the title of "De *Profundis*": "The fatal errors of life are not due to man's being unreasonable. An unreasonable moment may be one's finest moment. They are due to man's being logical."

## EDITORIALS FROM THE TYPE METAL MAGAZINE

The court of Paris was living in extreme luxury at this time. The members suffered from overwhelming ennui. They had eaten everything there was to eat in every conceivable combination; they had drunk everything there was to drink and had tried all the mixtures; wives had swapped wives. Versailles had been built in order that the court might have a country home—far from the rush and sweat and dust of Paris. The simple life became the fad.

In others words something was rotten.

Usually excessive luxury at one end of the line means extreme poverty at the other end. This was the situation in France. The king was the whole thing. His expenses were enormous. The nobility and the clergy ducked their taxes. This put the whole load on the common people. A great army of tax gatherers stalked through the land. Like vultures they fell on any evidence of prosperity. The more the people produced the more they were taxed. So they ceased producing any more than they needed, barely to keep body and soul together.

A contemporary writer tells of seeing a woman of thirty on a highroad. She was bent and aged like a woman of seventy. She explained that she and her husband had only a morsel of land, a small cow and a skinny horse. They were compelled to turn over 42 pounds of wheat and three chickens to one man, and 160 pounds of oats, one chicken and one franc to another man besides their regular tithes and taxes. They had seven children.

It was easy for the people to listen to the mouthings of the demagogues.

Louis 14th, the king, needed money. He tried several secretaries of the treasury. Finally in desperation he decided to lay his case before the people. And so as a matter of novelty he called a meeting of the Estates General, the first meeting of this kind in almost two centuries. Robespierre was elected a member of this assembly to represent his district.

He took his job seriously. He believed that the voice of the people was the voice of God. He was thirty-one at this time. Four years later he was dead. One must be a fatalist to understand Robespierre and the other great figures in the early years of the revolution. Robespierre was nobody in 1780. In 1794 he was the leader of a group of anarchists, promoting a reign of terror the like of which the world has never known.

Picture this spectacled young man taking his place in the Assembly. He is very serious. He has no sense of humor. The Parisian life does not attract him. He was a somber, sober, melancholy man. He lived simply, in one room. He was not a brilliant orator, but at a time when oratory was plentiful and cheap his calm and sober utterances, charged with the dynamite of intense conviction, were forceful by contrast.

Mirabeau heard him in one of his first speeches and said "That young man will go far; he believes what he says."

To understand Robespierre and the dramatic climax of his short career—the Reign of Terror of which he was the leader, condemning people in droves to die by the guillotine—it is necessary that we understand the difference between a theorist and practicalist, if I may use such a word.

Robespierre, like many other people we know, loved humanity in the bulk and placed great trust in humanity. But he disliked the smell of the individual commoner and he distrusted the capacity of the individual.

He could outline a fine plan in words, but he couldn't put any part of the plan in action. Yet he never lost faith in the plan. This endeared him to the mass of the people. He was called the Incorrputible.

He was not a man of action. He had no initiative. He was not a coward in the sense that he had any personal fear. He knew his own life would be short. But he had not the daring to lead in action.

He killed so many people that the few who were left became fearful of their own fate so they decided to get rid of him. He is supposed to have shot himself, as his enemies closed in on him. Anyway he was found with his lower jaw almost blown off. He was quickly dragged to the guillotine. His death ended the Reign of Terror.

Many things have happened in the world since Robespierre and the early days of the revolution. What part of the happy circumstances in which we find ourselves today do we owe to the bloody guillotine?

The great contribution of the revolution was to free men's minds and energies. The world shook loose hoary superstitions, the church was put in its proper place as the spiritual guide of mankind, and freedom of thought and expression became a reality.

Without the French revolution perhaps our own government would not have survived. France taught Republicanism to the world and was the liberator of a large part of Europe.

The revolution stimulated the world mind. The steam engine was invented, unleashing a new source of power.

With the revolution men's minds turned to scientific research, and through the discoveries that have been made life has been influenced in a thousand ways.

At best though it is extremely difficult to trace back anything with accuracy. I read a book by an Englishman who sneered at the revolution as the bloody holiday of a group of rattle-brains.

After reviewing everything, even H. G. Wells concludes: "... and so within ten years of the meeting of the States General, New France begins to take on a singular likeness to the old. It is more flushed, more vigorous; it wears a cap of liberty instead of a crown; it has a new army—but

a damaged fleet; it has new rich people instead of old rich people, a new peasantry working even harder than the old and yielding more taxes, a new foreign policy curiously like an old foreign policy disrobed, and there is no Millennium."

This seems an honest statement.

It is a matter of serious question in my mind whether everything gained in the French revolution wouldn't have come naturally and peacefully as the result of thought awakened in men's minds by the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire. Maybe not. Perhaps an old-fashioned house-cleaning was needed.

Also, the balance might have showed that even during the period of the revolution the total of happiness created was greater than the total of unhappiness. The mass of people had nothing to lose by revolution. The young people, particularly in Paris, had a very good time. A few old, intrenched clergy and nobles were temporarily inconvenienced but most of them probably made off with enough to support them in their accustomed comfort.

Individuals need a jolt now and then to keep them awake. Also possibly nations. And maybe the world.

But neither jolts nor revolutions change people very much.

## OBITUARY

### EVELYN PORTER WOOD

Evelyn Porter Wood, of Rochester, New York died Sunday Morning, August 2, at 4 o'clock, at the home of his son Walter E. Wood, 38 Finch Street, Rochester, where he had been making his home since the death of his wife in 1911.

Mr. Wood was born in Otisco, New York, July 2, 1911, and was just one month over eighty-four years old, which made him one of the oldest living graduates of the Fanwood school. He became deaf at the age of ten months, entered the State School in New York City (Now popularly known as "Fanwood", and graduated therefrom in 1860. He married Rose M. McMenomy of Rochester, also a Fanwoodite, October 9, 1872, and their union was blessed with five children, two of whom are living. He is survived by two sons, Walter E. of Rochester, and James R. of Philadelphia, Pa., and by six grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Mr. Wood lived in Syracuse, N. Y., from childhood up to 1889, at which time he, with his family, moved to Rochester. He had numerous friends and relatives in Syracuse and throughout New York. He was a member of various societies and associations of the deaf in Syracuse and Rochester, in New York States, and of the country, holding important offices in a number of them. He was a communicant of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, and was for many years treasurer of Ephphatha Mission to the Deaf in Rochester, being very faithful in attendance at the services.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. H. C. Merrill of Syracuse, Missionary to the deaf in the State, and the Rev. V. Losee, of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, from the home in First Street. Interment was in Riverside Cemetery, Rochester, beside his wife. The pall-bearers were F. C. Peterson, F. Wackerman, Charles Critchley, W. D. Heffernan, George Barth, and L. D. Pulver. The funeral was largely attended and numerous floral offerings were received from friends and from the church.

# THE DEAF WORLD

## DEAF-MUTE WITH LOST MEMORY

Milan, May 19.—The deaf-mute soldier who returned from an Austrian prisoners' camp with a lost memory, and was subsequently claimed by five different mothers, is not yet definitely identified.

He was sent to a peasant family in the Abruzza Mountains, and when they became convinced that he was not their son the man was sent to another claimant, also peasants.

Finally, Signora Bottarino, the woman who cannot be shaken in her belief that he is her son, persuaded him and the wife he had married to come to Milan, where she wished to show him to friends of her missing son and to his superior officers in the Army.

The deaf-mute maintains a resigned, indifferent expression, but his presence in Milan has awakened hope in other mothers whose sons were reported missing during the war, and all day long he receives these pathetic visitors at his hotel.—*Belfast Telegraph* May 20, 1925

## DANVILLE MAN BATTLES HAND-ICAPS AND LANDS GOOD JOB.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS)

RALEIGH, N. C., July 24—"We are running across some very interesting deaf persons in our employment work," said J. M. Robertson, head of the Bureau for the Deaf of the Department of Labor and Printing. "One of the most unusual of these is that of a deaf-mute employed as billing clerk and stenographer for a tobacco concern at Danville, Va.

"This fellow attended the North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton almost helpless but with a big hump on his back. The older he got, the bigger the hump became. He bent down, his hand almost touching his feet. This deformity together with his deafness was a great handicap.

"He was determined not to allow himself to be dependent upon charity. He searched many months for work and at last found employment with a tobacco manufacturer at Danville. He has worked hard and has made good. We have just received a letter from his employer telling us what he thinks of this deaf-mute."

The letter from the Manager of the Tobacco Company is as follows:

"Henry has been in my employ since 1914. I found him at that time working in a tobacco factory of which I assumed management. He was pasting revenue stamps and labels on smoking tobacco, making \$1.00 per day when at work. I do not suppose we operated that department more than half the time. Consequently he had to get assistance from relatives.

"He was very anxious to work full time and was anxious to learn to operate a typewriter. So, I put him in the office at \$4.00 weekly. He learned to set up forms for writer-press, this being very useful to us as we did a great deal of circularizing.

"His salary was increased from time

to time and it was not long before he was able to take care of himself. He bought liberty bonds in war time and has probably saved a little money.

"Henry is now acting as my stenographer which sounds strange for a deaf and dumb man. I pencil my letters hurriedly and he copies them on a typewriter. He does it accurately and neatly and his work is very satisfactory.

"He is also my billing clerk in which capacity he is very accurate; also assists with the bookkeeping. He is very happy in his work, never wants a vacation and would work overtime if I would let him.

"Being deformed as well as deaf and dumb he is handicapped for speed but being constantly on the job he turns off a great deal of work and honestly earns every cent he is paid. He is one of the most deserving young men I ever saw and it is a pleasure to have him around."

"All of which," said Mr. Robertson, "goes to show that the deaf can do any work where hearing is not required, if given a chance."

The above article will be of interest in this city, especially to the deaf and dumb persons. The person referred to above is Henry Wooding, it is learned, and he is employed by the Piedmont Tobacco Company. By reason of his peculiar affliction he is known by sight by numerous persons.

## D. T. CLOUD APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT

Mr. Daniel T. Cloud, until recently superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf has been appointed superintendent of the Kansas School, the change going into actual effect on Monday, May 4th. Mr. Cloud comes highly recommended, having made an enviable record during his short stay in Arkansas and the friends of the Kansas School may rest assured that in Mr. Cloud the school has as its head, a man who is capable in every way—one who has the welfare of the children at heart, and there is no doubt but that he will make good.

Dr. Huffman, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Administration, made a special trip down to Little Rock to see the work that Mr. Cloud had accomplished, and after noting the wonderful strides the Arkansas School had made in such a comparatively short time he was fully convinced that Mr. Cloud was the best man for the position which he now occupies. There is no need to go any farther into the life of the young man, who has all the earmarks of making a most efficient and able superintendent. Kansas is indeed fortunate in securing such a high class man for the place. Kansas gains what Arkansas loses. Mr. J. White Thomas, who has for the past month filled the position as acting superintendent in a very capable and efficient way, goes back to his old place as teacher in one of our advanced classes. Now that everything in Kansas has been definitely settled we can all buckle down to hard work and make the last lap—the home stretch, the best of all.—*Kansas Star..*

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## MARRIAGES

May 20, 1925, at Dallas, Texas, Homer Humphrey to Miss Irene Nash.

June 20, 1925, at Columbus, Ohio, Tom G. Matthew to Dorothy C. Durrant.

June 24, 1925, at Cleveland, Ohio, Clarence Graves to Lucile Edwards.

June 24, 1925, at New Ripley, Ohio, Harry E. Corriel to Grace Dell Evans.

June 24, 1925, at Everett, Washington, Ernest Fredrickson and Aleta Le Vasseur, both of Everett.

June 29, 1925, at Houston, Texas, Fred J. Artz to Florence Anderson.

August 9, 1925, at Dallas, Texas, John Bishop to Miss Bernice Reed.

## BIRTHS

March 11, 1925, at St. Joseph, Texas, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. D. Oliver, a girl, named Marcella Evelyn.

May 15, 1925, at Shelton, Washington, to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Deer, a boy. Weight, 8-lbs.

August 30, 1925, at Dallas, Texas, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Gibson, a son.

## DEATHS

May 16, 1925, at Dallas, Texas, Mrs. Ora Gides, of pneumonia, aged 29.

July 11, 1925, at Hot Springs, Ark., Drew Johnson, of typhoid fever, aged 39.

Edward Schroeder, 19 years old, former St. Thomas college student, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Schroeder, 2172 Carroll avenue, St. Paul, Minn., died at Crookston, Minn., in September.

Mr. Schroeder, who was working on a farm near Crookston at the time of his sudden illness, died within four days from blood poisoning resulting from a scratch on his chin.

He was born in St. Paul and educated there. At St. Thomas college he attained prominence because of his excellence in athletics and other school activities, and was enrolled in the University of Minnesota for advance work for the coming term.

His father, Anton Schroeder, is widely known for his activity in procuring legislation for the mutes of the state.

Surviving Mr. Schroeder, besides his father and mother, are a brother, Alfred H. Schroeder, and a sister, Elizabeth Susan, both living at the family home.

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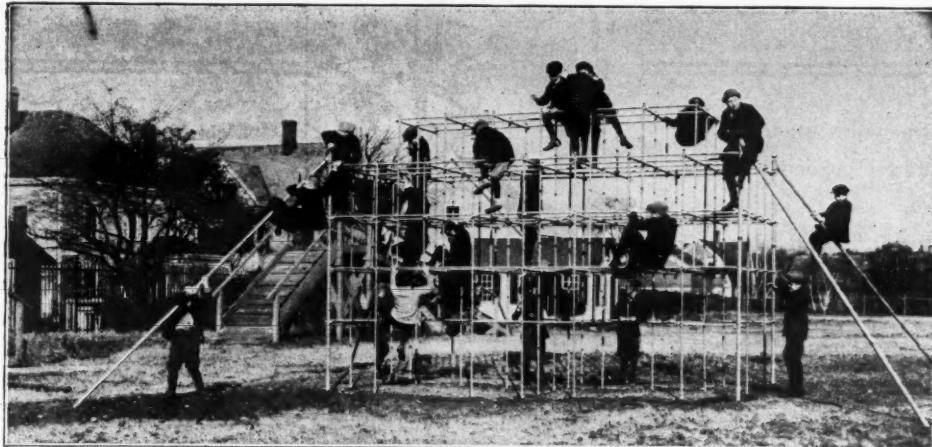
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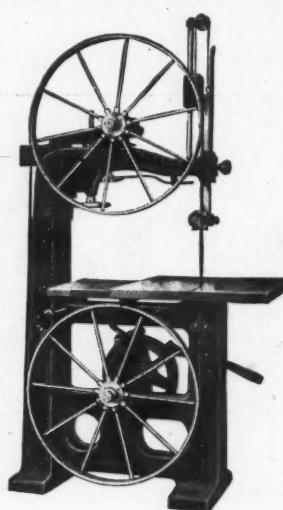
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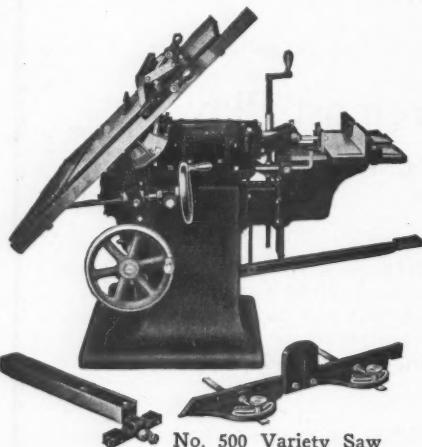
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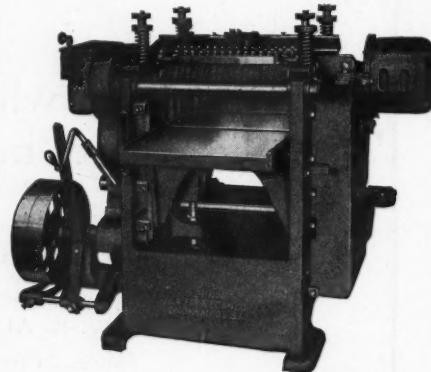
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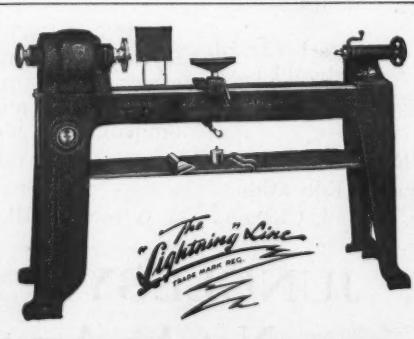
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## A R T

*G*'ve watched some famous artists paint  
In studios both queer and quaint,  
While strains of music soft and sweet  
Were used to stimulate the urge  
That through each artist soul must surge  
Before his canvas is complete.

*I've heard* the great musicians play  
In tones both serious and gay,  
While mellowed lights would filter through  
And add their bit to music's charm  
By keeping the fires of genius warm,  
And inspiring his soul anew.

*I've heard* the presses hum with speed,  
Meeting the day's insistent need,  
While he who builds each new design  
Toils amid chaos, clamor and grime,  
Asking only his quota of time  
For each creation of hue and line.

*His shaded lights* are soot-smoked panes,  
The humming presses are his refrains,  
Dreams must be sacrificed for speed,  
Nor time for fancy must he waste—  
Each passing moment urges haste  
To satisfy commercial greed.

*There may be* those to whom *Art* means  
Achievement only through their dreams,  
But *Art* to me is nothing less  
Than new creation at its best,  
Perfection, that has passed the test  
Of Canvas, Instruction or Press.

*And he* whose copy can inspire  
The world to listen or admire  
Is daily pouring from his heart  
A masterpiece of perfect line,  
Of merging color and design,  
And what is this, but *Art*?

*Ann Falwell Ellis*  
*in The Inland Printer*